DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH.

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BRUSSELS FAIR SWEPT BY FLAMES

FIRE DEVOURS PRICELESS TREASURES AT WORLD'S EXPOSITION

LOSS WILL EXCEED $10,000,000

Fire Is Still Bunring—Thieves Pillage Buildings of Valuable Articles

Brussels, Aug. 5.—Fire started in the Belgian section of the international exhibition here last evening. The flames spread quickly to the English and French sections, which were soon destroyed. Other sections are now in flames. It looks as if the entire show would be wiped out.

So far as can be learned the fire originated while there was the usual large Sunday crowd outside the building to look at the fireworks. It seems that the electric wires leading into the temporary postoffice in the Belgian section became short circuited, and within a very few minutes the office was a mass of flames.

The Kirmesse, which was a representation of an old fair in Brussels, was destroyed. This was a very popular attraction and the enclosure was somewnat crowded. It was here, according to the latest report, that a panic occurred with the apparent result, although this has not been verified, that two persons were killed and thirty or more hurt.

Meanwhile the crowd which had been watching the fireworks and which for some time was ignorant of the real situation learned of the catastrophe. They rushed to the scene blocking the way and hindering the firemen. It is doubtful, however, considering the inflammable nature of the buildings whether the firemen could have checked the progress of the fire. Soon the whole facade of the Kitmese was a heap of glowing ruins and the entire Belgian section involved. Then the wind drove a torrent of flames into the British section of the exhibition, and this in turn was rapidly consumed.

During the progress of the fire the exhibit of the diamond industry was burned and pillagers invaded the ruins to hunt for the gems. The police hastened to the scene and were about to seize the looters when the cry was raised that the wild animals in Bostocks exhibit had escaped. There was a wild stampede and in the midst of the excitement the robbers got away with many gems. Soldiers are in pursuit, but so far as known none of the robbers have been captured.

The fire has spread to avenue Solbosch, adjoining the exposition and forty private houses are on fire there. After the exposition buildings had been blazing for some time the firemen blew up a number of buildings with a view to checking the progress of the flames.

It is learned that among the treasures in the French section was Rodin's piece of sculpture, "Femme Acroupie." There were also in the French section eight Goblin tapestries and hundreds of paintings by the old masters. Their fate, of course, is not known as yet, but it is assumed that they have been destroyed. The total loss this morning is estimated at $10 000,000, much of which will fall upon the French insurance companies.

At 3 o'clock this morning the Russian, Austrian, Japanese, Norwegian, Danish and Chinese sections of the exhibition were burning. At that hour large portions of the Japanese and French sections were in ruins. The whole of one side of the central roadway known as the Avenue Des Nations, where stand the headquarters buildings of various nationalities was consumed. It was reported that Bostocks' beasts had been saved. The reports of the deaths and injuries in the Kirmesse was not confirmed, but it is believed to be true.

The exhibition covers 220 acres and lies southeatward from the city adjacent to the Bois de La Cambre. It was opened by the king in April, but it is only recently that it has been anything like a complete condition. Some of the exhibits which is now feared are lost, are of real historic value, including old furniture, British country houses, ancient Spanish armor, lent by King Alfonso, besides fine specimens of French and Italian textile and kindred arts.

DEMENTED MAN IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY

A "floater" scared the women the women south of Ashton Sunday, and Sheriff Tourtillott was notified and went to Ashton and b ought the disturber to Dixon and placed him behind the bars. He is an old man a little off in the head. He apparently is not capable of doing any one any harm, but it is thought best to place him in custody of the sheriff until he can be taken to his home, which he says is near Rochelle.

BORDEN'S PLANT AT STERLING TO DOUBLE

ADDITIONAL BUILDING 137 BY 56 FEET WILL BE ERECTED

TO CAN UNSWEETENED MILK

Will Take All the Milk the Farmers Of the Vicinnity Can Furnish.

The Sterling plant of the Borden Condensed Milk company is to be more than doubled in size, and work on the new addition will begin at once. The plans for the new addition have arrived and Mr. G. M. Weed announces that the work will start at once and that it will be rushed The new addition to the plant will be 137 feet long and fifty-six feet wide and will be two full stories in height The present Sterling plant is 150x56 feet.

The plans for the new addition show that the same style of architecture will be followed as in the present structure and when completed the plant will be 267 feet long and fifty-six feet wide, making a splendid appearing plant.

Evaporation Plant.

The new addition is being erected for the purpose of installing an evap oration plant. This is a process of condensing milk without the use of sugar and is generally called by trade name of evaporated cream. Ex pensive machinery will be installed and when completed it will add twen ty men to the pay roll of the Borden Condensed company of Sterling.

The company will both evaporate and condense milk and all of the evaported milk will be canned there as well as the condensed milk. The condensed milk has been canned here for the past two years.

In speaking of the growth of the plant here and the development of the dairy business Mr. Weed stated that the Borden Condensed Milk com pany would do its share in developing the business. He stated that the development of the dairy interests there is up to the farmers.

Great Dairy District

He considers that the territory tributary to Sterling has no equal in the country, and he sees no reason why it should not be fully developed His company will lend all necessary aid, just as it has in the past. He stated that the company realized that the farmers had an extra burden to carry as a result of the long drought and the company believed that it should bear a portion of the burden and as a result the company increased the price of milk fifteen cents a hundred above the contract price for the month of June.

Mr. Weed would not give out the cost of the new addition nor the cost of the machinery that is to be installed, but it is understood that the cost will be about equal to the cost of the present plant.

John Darbrook of the Borken Condensed company, arrived Saturday from Elgin and will have charge of a part of the work of building the new plant for the evaporation of milk. The foreman of construction, Logeston, is expected today.

FARM FIRE AT BYRON; TWO PERSONS BURNED

Earl Andrews, a farmer living six miles north of Byron, lost his house and it contents, valued at $1,500 Wednesday by fire. His wife and daughter were badly burned in attempting to put out the flames.

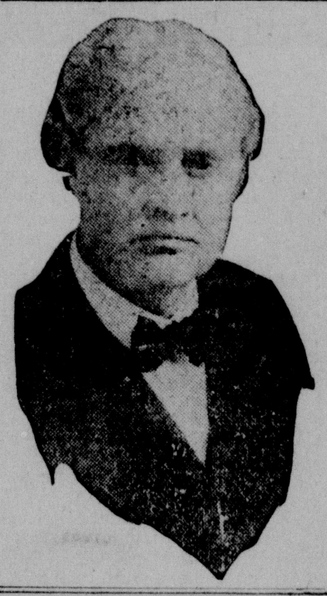
The fire started in an upstairs bed room. One of the children had been playing in the room with matches. Shortly after the little one had left the room the mother entered and found it developed in flames. The fire soon gathered headway and in spite of the efforts of neighbors the home burned to the ground.

I. O. O. F. MEETS TONIGHT

The I. O. O. F. lodge will hold a regular meeting tonight. All members are expected to be present as arrangements will be made for the Jubilee meeting to be held August 23.

GOV. W. R. STUBBS

Kansas Executive Nominated in Primary Fight for Second Term.



DEATH COMES TO SAMUEL CRAWFORD

HAS LONG BEEN AN HONORED RESIDENT OF NACHUSA AND DIXON

Samuel Crawford, one of the o'dest and most influential citizens of Lee county, died at 5 o'clock Sunday morning at his home, corner of Seventh street and Galena avenue. Up until a few days ago he was up and around. Mr. Crawford's principal ailment was old age, as he cele brated his 87th birthday last May.

Mr. Crawford moved to Dixon from his farm in Nachusa township in 1883, and since that year has resided here. His wife died about 25 years ago. He leaves three sons, but no brothers and sisters, he being the last of family of nine children. His sons are: C. B. and Wilson C. of this city, and William J. Crawford of California.

Samuel Crawford was born in Blair county, Pa., May 15, 1823. Like his father he was reared a farm er, and educated in the common schools of his boyhood days (that of the old subscription plan). February 10, 1848, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary A., daughter of Jacob and Nancy (Wilson) Burket, also a native of Blair county, Pa. In April following his marriage Mr. Crawofrd started for Lee county by way of the rivers Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois. On his arrival in this county he at once began improving his prairie home, which he had two years previously entered in Sec. 9, T. 21, R. 10, and transformed it from a state of nature, inhabited by deer and wolves, into one of the finest farms in Nachusa township. It comprises 400 acres of excellent farming land.

When he first had wheat to sell he hauled it by team to Chicago over the unbroken prairie, without roads or bridges.

Mr. Crawford was a member of the Presbyterian church.

Funeral services will be conducted at the late home at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon by Dr. S. S. Cryor and the burial will be in the Burket cemetery.

MANY KILLED BY FALLING OF WALL

ONE REPORT SAYS THAT FIFTY MEN WERE BURIED

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 15—Special—A United Press dispatch from Massena says 14 men were killed there this morning by the falling of the concrete foundation of a power house

An Ogdensburg, N. Y., dispatch says probably 50 are dead, as that many were entombed.

VETERANS MEET HERE TOMORROW

NORTHWESTERN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ASSOCIATION REUNION

STATE COMMANDER TO SPEAK

Decorations Are Being Put Up and Business Houses and Resi dences Today

Tomorrow and Wednesday Dixon opens her doors to the old soldiers. All are welcome to anything the city possesses.

On these two days the annual reunion of the Northwestern Soldiers' and Sailors' association of Illinois will be held here, the exercises being held in the court house square, a platform having been erected on the east side of the county building

The city will be decorated for this occasion, the veterans having already decorated the city building and the court house, the merchants decorating the business houses.

Many of the merchants have begun to decorate, some of the places being very attractive.

Tuesday forenoon will be devoted to the receiving and welcoming the visitors, establishing headquarters and assigning quarters to visiting comrades. The headquarters of the association will be at the city building.

Tuesday afternoon will be devoted to sight seeing and auto and launch riding.

Tuesday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock the Dixon Marine band will give a concert.

Meeting Tuesday Evening

Meeting called to order by L. W. Mitchell.

Invocation, Dr. S. S. Cryor.

Chorus by Orochesrta.

Address of welcome by Captain A. C. Bardwell.

Address by Comrade Major James A. Connolly, Commander of the G. A. R. Department of Ill.

Address by Mrs. Nettie McGowan Past Department President of the W. R. C.

Address by Mrs. Helen Foster King, Pepartment Secretary of the Ladies of the G. A. R.

Wednesday's Program

The regimental and Army of the Potomac association meetings will be held Wednesday forenoon.

The parade will be given Wednesday immediately after the noon hour All comrades are requested to participate in the parade.

Gov. Charles S. Deneen will be the guest of the soldiers Wednesday afternoon, and will deliver an address

It is anticipated that this will be one of the largest reunions held for many a year by the association.

Eli's Display

Eli Rosenthal has the proper spirit. He has gone to considerable trouble to fit up a window that will please the old soldiers and one that

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VETERANS NEED ACCOMMODATIONS

ALL WHO CAN PROVIDE ROOM TUESDAY NIGHT SHOULD REPORT

Comrades who attend the reunion will not only need many autos and launches to show them the beautiful sights in and around Dixon, but will need many beds to rest their tired and weary bones on the night of the 16th. Will the public spirited people of Dixon respond to the support of the patriotic order by opening their homes for one night. Kindly send your name and address to the city hall on Tuesday, which will be thankfully received by the committee.

Those contributing for the dinner on Wednesday given by the W. R. C. will please send their donations to the Baptist church early Wednesday morning. Any member that has not been solicited is asked to donate

Members are repuested to wear their John Dixon badges during the reunion.

BANNER YEAR FOR THE ASSEMBLY

CONSIDERED THE MOST SUCCESS FUL CHAUTAUQUA EVER HELD IN DIXON

SETS GOAL FOR COMING YEARS

Artistic and Financial Success Makes Dixon Mecca for Summer Pleasure Seekers

With the stamp of unqualified suc cess impressed indelibly upon every day of the season, the Rock River Assembly came to a close last evening with the address of the Rev. Leander S. Keyser, D. D., of Canal Dover, Ohio, on "The Sure Way Out. There were many little luncheons and other social "stunts" in progress after the program was concluded but the arrival of the hour of twelve and the dimming of the lights throughout the grounds sounded the final not of one of the most successful years in the history of the organization.

In many respects the 1910 season was the best of the twenty-three during which the Assembly has been in existence. The 1300 campers who populated the grounds during the two weeks exceeded by several hundred the largest number of any previous year. Three times the number of season tickets of any previous season were sold. The average attendance exceeded by a wide margin that of the last decade and the most delightful feature from the standpoint of the patron was realized in the fact that not a member of the talent failed to appear on schedule time. Nor did any other of the many wheels in the Assembly organization slip a cog for even a moment.

Financially the season could not have been other than a success although the final adjustment yet to

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MRS. ISAAC CUMMINGS DIED THIS MORNING

AGED RESIDENT OF DIXON EXPIRED AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

Mrss. Isaac Cummings, who for fif teen years has been a resident of Dixon, expired early this morning at 12:20 o'clock at her home on West Sixth streets. Since last November she has suffered a growing attack of tuberculosis and during the last four months had been bedfast. Funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at 9:30 from the late home and at 10:00 o'clock from St. Paul's Lutheran church.

Mrs. Cummings was born in Somerset county, Penn., on October 13, 1851. On January 30, 1868 she was united in marriage with Mr. Cummings at Berlin, Pa., and the family resided in the East until 1895 when they came to Dixon and have since resided here.

Mrs. Cummings became a member of the Lutheran church at thirteen years, at White Oak, Pa., and from then on was always a faithful, earnest worker in its ranks. She was also included on the membership roll of the Ladies of the G. A. R. and the W. R. C.

In her immediate family, Mrs. Cummings is survived by her husband, Isaac M. Cummings and by seven children: Edward M., of Sykesville, Pa.; John A. of Rock Falls; Elizahbeth Cummings, of Caldwell, Idaho; Mrs. W. E. White, of Dixon; William Cummings, Monongahela City, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Roges, Caldwell, Idaho and Myron at home. Besides her mother, Mrs. William Sheets seventeen grandchildren, and one great gandchild, also survive six brothers and three sisters as follows: Mrs. J. A. Chronister, Mrs. Daniel Bresie and William Geiger all of Dixon; John Geiger of Chicago Solomon P. Geiger of Mt. Vernon, Ia., Mrs. Nelson Klingaman, Mo dale, Pa., George Geiger of Pennsylvania and Charles and Joseph Sheets of Freeport.

BIBLE CONFERENCE IS IN SESSION

SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER MEETING OPENS AT AESSEMBLY PARK

EMINENT SPEAKERS ON PROGRAM

Conference Will Last All the Week, Closing Next Sunday Evening

Following close upon the heels of the departing Assembly visitors came several hundred minisiters, lay man and families today to participate in the second annual Summer Bible Conference which opens at Assembly Park, and will continue until next Sunday evening.

The session will also be a Lutheran Missonary Convention of the Young People's Forward Movement.

The regular program was instituted this morning at 9:30 when Rev. E. C. Harris opened the devotional exercises and three short talks were made by Dr. Croll, Prof. S. N. Carpenter and Dr. H. K. Fenner.

This afternooon Prof. Birch appeared for the first time in his series of child study lectures. His theme was "The Period of Religious Awakening." Dr. Frick followed Prof. Birch with a talk on "The Teacher and his Teaching: Preparation of the Lesson."

Each evening at 6:45 a sunset quiet hour will be held and be followed an hour later by the evening session.

The program of each day includes a number of valuable addresses by prominent ministers and lecturers and there is something in store for the teacher, preacher, business man and layman. The enticing offer of the Assembly management in offering campers their quarters for another week without additional cost is receiving kindly considerat'on on every hand and many of the visitors will remain.

Tomorrow will be one of the strongest and best days of the conference with President Hoover of Carthage College, Dr. Fenner, Rev. Keyser and other eminent speakers scheduled to deliver addresses.

Chicago, Aug. 15.—Partly cloudy today and tomorrow; moderate temperature; light to moderate northeasterly winds, becoming variable.

MONDAY, AUG. 15

Sunset Quiet Hour. In charge of Rev. E. G. Howard.

Evening Session: "Luther, the Monk and the Reformer." Illustrated. Dr. Keyser.

TUESDAY, AUG. 16

Morning

A Devotional Study. The Heart of Romans. Pres. Hoover.

Making a Church: The Department of Instruction. Dr. Fenner.

"What Shall I Preach Next Sunday." Dr. Keyser.

Afternoon

Child Study: Types of Will. Prof. Birch.

The Teacher and His Teaching: Impartation of the Lesson. Dr. Frick.

"The Present Condition of the New Testament in the Higher Criticism" Prof. Tressler.

Sunset Quiet Hour: In charge of Rev. W. M. Hackenberg.

Evening Session: "Through Palestine." Illustrated. Dr. Bannen.

BUYING FIXTURES FOR NEW HOTEL

Alderman William Schuler went to Chicago this morning to purchase fixtures and furniture for his new hotel Mr. Schuler will open the hotel with in a few weeks. For a while, at least, Mr. Schuler will run the hotel himself.

McKENZIE AT FRANKLIN

Senator John C. McKenzie, candidate for congress, will speak at Franklin Grove tonight. Saturday night the senator delivered an address at Rochelle to a large crowd. He was introduced by former senator, Delos Baxter.

THOUGHT HORSE HAD HAD BEEN STOLEN

JOHN SCHADE OF ASHTON SEES STRANGER DRIVE OFF WITH RIG

HAD LEFT IT AT THE FEED BARN

Hungarian Came and Got Horse, Thinking it was There for Hire.

John Schade of Ashton drove to Dixon Sunday morning and put his horse and buggy in the Switzer barn on Hennepin avenue.

There is nothing strange about that, of course; but here is where the story comes.

Schade leaving the barn went down town to visit friends. While standing on the sidewalk he noticed his rig going south on Galena avenue, being driven by a stranger.

Schade hustled back to the barn.

"What has become of my horse and buggy?" asked Mr. Schade of the man in charge.

"Your horse and buggy, why I guess if you put it in this barn it ought to be here," replied the man.

"Well it isn't, for I saw a stranger drive it down the street," said Mr. Schade.

The man in charge of the barn said that a Hungarian, employe of the cement plant, came here and pointed to the horse and buggy you evidently put in here, and the man understood him to say it belonged to him. He was given the rig.

Schade at once went to the sheriff's office and he and the officer got an automobile and went in search of the missing rig. They worked several hours. Sheriff Tourtillott had to take a train for Ashton and he turned the matter over to his deputy Mr. Reid. Reid and Schade searched several hours.

Towards evening the Hungarian returned with the rig to the barn, paid for the use of it and departed.

Here is the solution to it all. The Hungarian wanted to hire a rig, and the man at the barn thought the rig was his and he wanted to go home. After all was explained the Hungarian was left unmolested and Mr. Schade was satisfied.

SHOE SALESMEN GETTING SAMPLES

LOOK FOR BUSY FALL AND WINTER IN LOCAL FACTORIES.

WORK TO BEGIN ABOUT SEPT.15

Sales Have Been Slow This Summer, Most of the Eastern Factories Being Closed

The Watson-Plummer shoe factories will finish making samples for the spring of 1911 this week. Next week salesmen will start out from the Chicago store to secure orders for the factories. These orders should come in freely provided weather conditions are favorable and retailers are encouraged to buy to replenish their broken stocks. It is true that retail stocks throughout the country are much depleted, as purchases have been much below the normal this summer.

Indications are that after September 15th there should be ample work throughout the fall and winter. The factories of the East have been practically idle all summer. The western factories have generally averaged half time. These conditions are prevalent throughout the country but we look for an early revival in all manufacturing lines.

TROOPS ARE CALLED TO SUPPRESS RIOTS

Columbus, O., Aug. 15—Special—Two regiments, a troop of cavalry and a battery have been ordered here to suppress the rioting growing out of the street car trouble.

"Take the Siding"

A Warning by Which an Accident Was Averted.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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After an absence of four years from Radnor, James Casey had returned as superintendent of the eastern division of the railroad and had married Libbie Nelson. The wedding was only yesterday, and now that it was over and they had started for the east the villagers had time to revert to the story. The Nelsons were so proud of their new son-in-law that they could not restrain themselves from telling, despite the protestations of Libbie and Jim.

Shortly after the night of the church concert when Casey heard Libbie Nelson sing that song which had something in it about "angels in charge" he commenced to think things about angels, and one day his imagination evolved an angel, or something as near like one as he could picture. When Casey's mental vision beheld it he broke into a satisfied grin. If brought forth to visual observation it would have appeared strikingly like Libbie Nelson.

Things went along quietly for two months and then something happened.

While Casey was on his way to the yards at Buffalo to board 300 for the return trip an ambulance went galloping past him. Ambulances pass people frequently in a big city, and there was nothing about this one in particular to apprise Casey that Nat Taylor, fireman for Bill Whalen, who was running 809, was inside. It was a nasty night, and Taylor had slipped on the icy tracks and broken a leg.

When Casey, with a few extra minutes on hands, sauntered into the train dispatcher's office he found that institution in voluble ferment. Of course everybody was sorry for Taylor, but a fireman with a broken leg was of small concern in comparison with the awkward situation in which he had left them.

A special, carrying the president of the road from New York to Chicago on business of vital import, was at that moment only ten miles from the station and coming at the rate of a mile a minute.

Bill Whalen, one of the best engineers on the road, and 809, the pick and pride of the roundhouses, were out in the depot yards waiting to relieve the incoming and already overheated locomotive. Whalen and 809 were ready to couple on at a moment's notice, but no substitute had yet been found for Taylor, and there were precious few minutes to spare.

Casey was not given long to ponder on the excitement of the office. He had no more than crossed the threshold when Thompson, the train dispatcher, literally leaped across the room and grasped him by the arm.

"Get out to 809 as quick as you can!" he shouted. "Hurry! For God's sake hurry! Don't stop for anything! Run! Whalen 'll tell you!"

Casey peeled off his coat as he was climbing into the cab, and he had scarcely grabbed a shovel and commenced to throw coal when the special, straining and wheezing, crunched on the track alongside.

Switching and coupling were matters of seconds only, and, although the night was intensely cold, two men stood on the platform of the single coach anxiously watching proceedings. One was a large, stern visaged person. He was restless. He chewed at his short white mustache, buttoned and unbuttoned his fur coat and never took his eyes off the engine until they were getting under headway.

"Do your best, boys!" he shouted across the tender to the men in the engine as they shunted on the main track and set off. The determined nods he received in reply were assuring.

Wakeful farmers and belated villagers were puzzled by the unusual traveler as 809 with her single consort momentarily flashed on their view like a monster one eyed demon wraith, sliding, gleaming, screeching across country.

The special had left murky Cleveland and had climbed the long west grade to the bluff land bordering the lake. The snow had turned to sleet, and everything indicated that it had been sleeting for some time in that locality. The landscape glistened, telegraph poles and fences shone like crystal specters, wires were thick with incrustations, and after a distance they were sagging, and then some were broken and dragging on the ground.

"There's no use talking," growled Whalen, "I've got to slow down some or we'll be blown into the middle of nowhere. Get away from this devilish lake, then we can make up."

He eased 809 a bit. Yet she puffed and pulled and stuck nobly to her task.

"If orders to clear the tracks didn't get through before those wires went down we may be all in," observed Casey.

"You're about right," replied Whalen glumly, "but the only thing I can do is to watch for signals."

"And in a drizzling sleet like this there might just about as well be no signals," continued Casey.

They had passed Dempsey and in another forty minutes would reach Radnor. Under ordinary conditions the local was due at this point, but if no error in orders had occurred she should be waiting now on the siding at Putnam, the station beyond, giving right of way to the president's special.

The strain was beginning to tell on both men and on Whalen in particular.

Casey was turning away from coaling when he noticed Whalen lean against the window post.

"Come, take the lever for a minute," he called. "I'm feeling bad"—Before he could finish he slid to the floor of the cab.

Casey, bending over him, saw he was unconscious, but whether dead or in a faint it was impossible for him to determine in the cramped space and under the stress of responsibility which suddenly presented itself. In a flash he realized his position. He recalled afterward how he was planning what to do even as he stepped across Whalen's prostrate form and grasped the throttle lever.

The fire bed would last to Putnam, and there he would coerce some one from the sidetracked local to finish the run. Yes, he could do it—that is, if the track was clear.

Casey was leaning half out the cab window in his eagerness to watch the track and catch the signal. His dark eyes pierced into the great invisible; his head was bare and his black hair was a disheveled mass; his neck, which was bare also, despite the sleet and cold, seemed to spring out twice its usual size from his masterful shoulders. His face was tense. He had called into command every bit of human vitality he had in him to battle with the horrible possibilities he was facing and was facing alone.

Finally the signal came to view—very faintly, waveringly and indistinctly at first, then a trifle plainer until he caught its full significance.

"Clear track!" it indicated.

He reached toward the lever to throw on more speed, but instead, out in the black night and just ahead of the cab window, glided the spirit form of Libbie Nelson. She was peering intently ahead.

"Take the siding!" she motioned to Casey, and instantly his hand was impelled to the whistle and 809 was shrieking for the switch to the Radnor sidetrack.

Casey felt as if a kind of insanity had seized him, yet he slowed down and then found himself watching for the switch signal, and watching eagerly, impatiently.

He brought 809 to a full stop. He waited.

Why didn't they send the signal? Would the siding never be opened? Was it ice locked? What was wrong anyway? He asked himself a thousand questions as he grew more and more frantic with apprehension.

It seemed that he had waited there a hundred years when he finally caught the flash of the waving lantern.

Then he had to get 809 into action again. It took only a few seconds, but those seconds seemed hours.

When the locomotive moved forward Casey, pressing forward also as if to carry the great, throbbing engine with him, looked half mad with dread of the imminent—the imminence of something terrible and near.

But 809 didn't fail him. She obeyed the commanding touch which he applied to the levers.

And Casey was obeying the commands of the recognized supernatural, yet for the life of him he couldn't understand.

The special shot on the siding with not a second to spare from colliding with the local.

Then he understood, and his gray, trembling lips murmured one word. That word was "Libbie!"

When Casey staggered down from the cab he was weak, so weak that it was all he could do to stand. At first he seemed to forget who or where he was. Then gradually his mind cleared and he looked about him.

"Whalen's come to," some one told him. "Had some kind of a spell."

They had taken Whalen into the station.

Stamping up and down in the snow and the slush was the president of the road, blustering with mingled gratitude and severity and firing questions at the dazed Casey.

When Casey fully regained his senses it was wonderful what things he remembered, things that he had scarcely noticed when they happened, even details after he gave way to the supernatural. One thing, however, he failed to mention when telling of the peculiar influence that had controlled him, and that was the name of Libbie Nelson.

"It was a premonition," he insisted.

"Young man," said the president, gripping Casey's rough hand when they were parting at Chicago, "those who were responsible for that affair back yonder will be dealt with summarily.

"As for yourself, the rules of this company compel employees to run trains by orders and signals instead of by premonitions. As you have disregarded a signal, even though it would have proved disastrous if you had obeyed it, it would be the duty of your boss to dismiss you. I shall, however, take it upon myself to do that. This is your last trip. Consider yourself discharged."

Casey was weary and jaded almost to the limit of human endurance. He was the picture of woe and would have turned away, but the president still gripped his hand.

"But," he continued, with a twitching around his mouth, "there's something in you that calls for better things than firing on a locomotive. I have your name and address—here are mine," handing Casey a card. "Be at my office in New York two weeks from today. I'm in a tremendous hurry now. Thank you for your splendid run, and goodby!"

Two weeks later Casey called on the president and received his reward.

AT WORK.

—Bart in Minneapolis Journal.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

It Appears to Be an Ordinary Occurrence In Liberia.

Of certain aspects of Liberia Captain Braithwaite Wallis writes in the Geographical Journal: "The population of Jane is large, almost untouched by the so called civilization on the coast. It is typical of western Africa. The men have fine physiques and very black skins, and most of them plait their hair, which is worn about six inches to eight inches long. They appeared to be well armed with rifles, guns, spears and swords. While in this town I saw even slaves, who were held by the leg in wooden stocks. They had been in that position for some months. One of them told me through the interpreter that he had been kept thus for two years. He was a man of poor physique, and a purchaser could not therefore be easily found for him.

"That night, while asleep in my little hut in the town, I was awakened by hearing a gentle chorus of women's voices singing some yards away. After a few minutes the chorus ceased and a single voice began, in Bande, an African song. The voice was soft and melodious, and the tune was fascinating and weird and harmonized with the wild environment to which it belonged. After a few lines the other singers joined, and the result was most attractive and beautiful, containing as it did such delicate harmony with excellent taste. During the years I have been in Africa I do not remember having heard anything quite like this singing before, and I shall never forget it. The interpreter told me the next morning that the song was to the good spirits, asking them to guard and protect the white man and his followers on their journey."

Another incident: "A few yards outside the first stockade I noticed an empty grave, the newly turned earth of which showed it had been recently dug. This grave, it appeared, had been used for the purpose of burying a man alive as a sacrifice, and I was informed in a most matter of fact way and as if the occurrence was quite an ordinary one that the unfortunate victim's body had lately been exhumed to obtain certain portions for the purpose of manufacturing fetish medicines."

THE LION'S HEAD.

Origin of Its Use as a Decoration For Fountains.

"The sun glows in the Lion," says Seneca, meaning that when the sun enters the sign of Leo at the summer solstice the highest temperature of the year is experienced. We may say, on the other hand, that the Babylonian astrologers thousands of years ago placed the king of beasts, the fiery and ferocious lion, in that part of the zodiac which the sun enters at the summer solstice.

The constellation which is called Leo bears very little resemblance to the outline of a lion. Probably the name was originally applied only to its principal star, Regulus. It is to this constellation in the zodiac that we owe the countless water spewing lions' heads which are found in ancient and modern fountains, because in the latter part of July, while the sun is still in the sign of Leo, the Nile is at its highest level.

Furthermore, the lion's head with widely open jaws is in itself very suitable for the mouth of a fountain or waterspout. This decorative motif was employed universally throughout the Greco-Roman world. Lions' heads are found used in this way at Athens, Ephesus, Olympia, Agrigentum and countless other places. It is not quite certain that this employment of the lion's head originated in Egypt. Curtius describes an Assyrian bas-relief from Bairan showing water streaming from a ring shaped vessel. A lion stands as if on guard on either side of the fountain.

The water clock, which was used in judicial proceedings, had the form of a lion and a name which means the guardian of the stream. Hence the idea of protection may have been the origin of the association of lions with fountains, and this custom may have originated in Asia.—Scientific American.

The Rival Roses.

Perhaps the two most famous flowers in history are associated with the Temple gardens, for, according to tradition, it was in the gardens in 1430 that the two leaders plucked the red and white roses which became the badges of the rival houses of Lancaster and York. The gardens were for centuries famous for their roses. Among their floral curiosities one finds in the accounts for 1700 an expenditure on two perimic box trees and wonders what a perimic tree is until one remembers the custom of trimming box trees in a symmetrical or "perimetric" fashion.—London Chronicle.

Beginning at the Foundation.

The progressive people of the parish were anxious to reconstruct and adorn the ancient church, and the senior warden wrote to the bishop about it.

"There are but two things to be done in St. Gregory's," wrote the bishop in reply. "Let the sexton keep it clean and the parson keep it full."—Youth's Companion.

When France Washed In Holland.

In the sixteenth century clothes were sent from all parts of France to be washed in Holland, where the water of the canals was supposed to have special cleansing properties. The cost of transport was about ten times greater in those days than at present.

THE BIGGEST SMUGGLERS.

They Are Not the Society People Who Get the Advertising.

"Society people are supposed to be the biggest offenders," said a treasury official, "but it is simply that they get more publicity. We had a Harlem butcher who smuggled in $1,000 worth of jewels and then got trapped because he took an orange from the table after lunch. He put the orange in his pocket, and the bulge drew the inspector's attention. He was searched and the jewels found.

"There was, too," he continued reminiscently, "a noted musician who goes back and forth every year to Paris and who bought a Stradivarius violin one year. He sold his old one and brought the famous Strad back in his own case, covered as it was with custom stamps. Naturally the inspectors passed it, but the musician boasted of his violin, and a dealer who went to see it heard the story of its purchase and notified us.

"There was a man from Naples who came in with his shirt fairly lined with jewels, and there are the Syrians who smuggle in laces and handkerchiefs, and there are the manufacturers who declare half or three-quarters in and smuggle the rest.

"There are automobile men who bring their machines in with faked certificates of value, and there are buyers of cheap jewelry who bring in great cases of plated brooches and bracelets, etc., with magnificent sapphires, rubies and even diamonds set in with bits of glass, and these necessitate weeks of work for the jewel experts in the appraiser's stores."—Washington Times.

It Looked Suspicious.

"As I was coming out of a store this evening I saw an amusing sight," said a shopper. "A light rain was falling, and as the woman in front of me stepped out she opened her umbrella. Out of it fell a jeweled hatpin, a pair of gloves and two men's handkerchiefs. On its face it seemed like a case of shoplifting, but as she gathered up the articles the woman said:

"Well, if here isn't Mary's emerald hatpin and the gloves I was looking for last week and two of George's best handkerchiefs. I never thought of looking in the umbrellas for them."—New York Sun.

Got His Reply.

A funny man indulged in a practical joke recently. He put an advertisement in a paper for a wife and requested each candidate to inclose her carte de visite. It was a foolish thing to do, but one of the candidates served him out very well by sending the following letter: "Sir—I do not inclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A MARY ANDERSON POSE.

Falling Robes That Resulted In a Most Graceful Attitude.

Harry Furniss tells a story of Mary Anderson's initial season in London. "Her first appearance was as Perdita," he says in the Strand Magazine, "and I thought her the most charming figure I had ever seen on the stage.

"She kindly posed for me after a performance at the Lyceum, and when she asked me the position I would like her to take I mentioned one she had assumed in the second act, in which she stood holding the drapery in her hand, which was resting on her hip. 'Do you really mean that?' she asked. 'Yes; that attitude struck me as the most artistic of all your graceful movements.' 'Well,' she said, 'as a matter of fact, my robes had come unfastened and were falling off, and I was holding them on, but I shall now purposely make them slip in the same way.' And that pose was repeated nightly during the run of the play.

"On the first night at the Lyceum she was moved in the great scene by the rough, picturesque lover, played on that occasion by handsome Jack Barnes. As she rose to her feet it was perceived, to the delight of us all, but to the discomfiture of the actors, that Mr. Barnes' wig had caught in the shoulder clasp of Perdita and rose from his head with her and furthermore refused to be detached for some time.

"Even this popular actress could not escape the chaff of the gods. She was playing Galatea in Sir W. S. Gilbert's play—and a charming Galatea she made—when, in the critical scene in which she appeals to the gods to enable her to bring Pygmalion and Cynisca together again, the actress held up her arms and, unconsciously looking up at the gallery, cried out:

"'The gods will help me!'

"To Miss Anderson's surprise, all the occupants of the gallery, as if by prearrangement, called out with one voice, 'We will!'"

Cultivate a personal pride in your ability to write want ads THAT ACCOMPLISH THINGS.

ENGRAVED CARDS,,,,,,,

Can be promptly obtained by placing your order with us.

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

Dixon, Illinois.

Order by phone or mail.....

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits,

Cut from Tailor goods, the newest Fall Styles made to your measure in a Tailor Shop---not ready-made or factory work, from $26.00 up

CUMMINS,

The Tailor.

94 GALENA AVE.

SAVE A FEW $ $ $

We have established the following very low prices for our gas house

COKE

July Delivery .....$5·20 per Ton
August Delivery.....$5.40 per Ton
September Delivery.....$5.50 per Ton
October Delivery.....$5.70 per Ton

CRUSHED COKE 50c EXTRA.

Lee County Lighting Co

NORTHERN MICHIGAN LINE

The Elegant Steel Steamships

"Manitou"—"Missouri"—"Illinois"

offer unrivaled service between Chicago and Mackinac Island and other famous Summer Resorts of Northern Michigan, connecting with all lines for Lake Superior and Eastern Points. The most attractive and direct route to

Pentwater, Ludington, Manistee, Onekama, Frankfort, Glen Haven, Leland, Northport, Traverse City, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Bay View, We-que-ton-sing, Roaring Brook, Harbor Springs, St. Ignace, Mackinac Island, Cheboygan, Sault Ste. Marie

These elegant steamships are among the finest and best equipped on the Great Lakes. So large and steady as to assure comfortable passage to those averse to lake trips. They offer the traveler every modern convenience that adds to the delights of an outing on the water. For book of tours address

J. C. CONLEY, G. P. A. Offices and Docks, North End Rush Street Bridge, CHICAGO

Scarlet King

This high-grade brand of goods is one of the best on the market today. One sack of the Scarlet King, Special High Patent Flour, or a trial order of canned goods, or a pound of Scarlet King Coffee will convince you to give us a trial order.

NORTH SIDE GROCERY

Phone 158 GEO. W. HILL, Prop. N. Galena Ave

TYPEWRITER BUILT TO ORDER

If you could have a typewriter made to order, how would you have it? Built for show—or built for SERVICE? Loaded down with attachments, devices and mechanisms—or simple, durable and efficient? Would you demand the most machinery—or the BEST; in materials, workmanship and results?

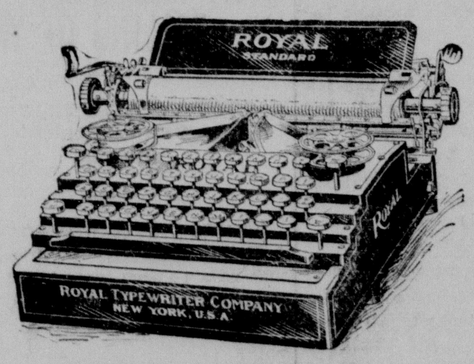
THE ROYAL STANDARD TYPEWRITER

has every quality that you would demand in a made-to-order machine. It meets every requirement of efficiency, durability and economy.

The first thing you notice about the Royal is its simplicity. You see instantly that it is constructed on new and correct principles, with all needless attachments and devices eliminated. The Royal is built for service.

It has only about half as many parts as other standard machines. The simplicity thus secured works for your advantage in four ways: A saving in the original investment; low cost of maintenancy; minimum of effort and maximum of convenience in operation; and the long life of the machine.

The price of the Royal is $65—a new standard price for a high-grade writing machine.



B. F. SHAW PRINTING CO.

First Street Dixon, Il

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 118 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may expect nature to bring on them the Change of Life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for the good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH LOUSIGNONT, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

For Sale by all dealers.

LAST CHANCE

We're sorry if you've tried other medicines and they failed. As a last resort try Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea or Tablets. It's a simply remedy but it's worked wonders, made millions well and happy. Purifies the blood, makes flesh and muscle, cleanses your system. Rowland Bros.

THE CAUSE.

Sluggish livers and bowels are the cause of nearly every disease. Cleanse your system, regulate the bowels and liver to healthy, natural action by Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea or Tablets. The surest remedy to start you on the road to Wellville. Rowland Bros.

JOHN LIND

Democratic Nominee for Governor of State of Minnesota.

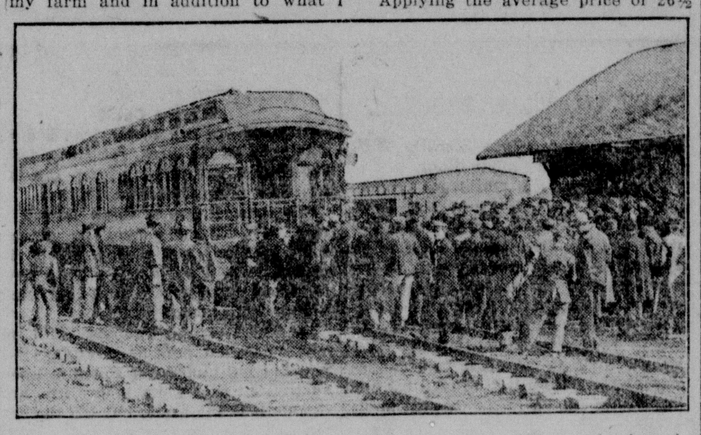
PROFITABLE DAIRYING

By HUGH G. VAN PELT
Dairy Expert Iowa State Dairy Association

Difficulties to Be Overcome

Following are some of the problems that must be solved both by the man who is already in the business and by the one who expects to start for himself a dairy farm, large or small:

1. Is there a profit to be made in the business?
2. Is this business suited to my disposition and will I like to work with cows?
3. Is my farm properly located to make the most out of milking cows?
4. Which breed of cows is best for dairying?
5. Shall I use pure bred cows, or grades?
6. Will it be better to start a large herd or should I start in a small way with one or two cows, and gradually work into the business?
7. What points are necessary to be known along the line of breeding in order to improve the dairy herd?
8. How shall I arrange my farm, barns and lots so they will be suitable for the work?
9. What foodstuffs should I raise on my farm and in addition to what I raise what must I buy in order to stimulate the greatest and most economical milk flow?
10. Shall I raise the calves or sell them for veal?
11. What sort of a sire shall I use?
12. How should the calves be raised in order to develop them into profitable dairy cows?
13. How best can I manage, care for and feed the dairy herd in order to accomplish the greatest results in milk, butter-fat, pleasure and profits?



Dairy Train Run Over C. B. & Q. by the Iowa State Dairymen's Association—At Corydon, Iowa.

Whether or not dairy farming will pay rests entirely with the individual who is conducting the business. There are large profits to be made in dairying. Many are the cows that are being milked in Iowa today that are returning to their owners $2 for every dollar's worth of feed given them, while on the other hand, there are many cows that are returning $1 or less for every dollar's worth of feed they are receiving. The cows that are paying 100 per cent. profit on the money invested in the feed they are eating, are certainly one of the greatest and surest sources of profit to their owners.

Light, Sanitary, Clean and Healthful Dairy Barn.

The Farmer a Business Man.

The dairy farmer, however, in order to be successful, must be a business man. He must know his cows and what each one of them is doing for him. In every line of business we find men who are making great successes and large profits, and we find other men that are unsuccessful in the same business, and with the same opportunities and are losing money rather than making profits. The banking business is a most excellent business and many men become immensely wealthy, while others continually lose money and in the end prove to be absolute failures. If we stop to think and consider all of the different lines of business we can call to mind many of our acquaintances who have been exceptionally successful in each of them, and others who have been failures, whether the business is that of banking, real estate, mercantile, manufacturing, law, medicine or what the vocation. It is a fact, however, and I have often wondered if it were not to be deplored that seldom if ever, does a man make an absolute failure of dairy farming. In fact most phases of farming permit of a degree of profit, and this degree of profit may be varied from a mere living to immense profits, accordingly as a man practises proper or improper methods. That there is money to be made in the dairy business as compared with any other branch of farming, the following facts from Jordon's "Feeding of Farm Animals" will demonstrate:

	Lbs. marketable product produced by 100 pounds digestible organic matter in ration. Pounds.
Milk, general averages	139
Butter	6.4
Steers, general average live weight	13.5
Sheep and lambs, general average live weight	13.9
Swine, general average live weight	30.4
Calves, live weight	63.7
Fowls, live weight	19.6
Eggs	19.6

Applying the average price of 26½ cents per pound, which has been the current price for the past year, and considering the value of the skim milk for raising calves, pigs, chickens and eggs, it will be quickly seen that the dairy farmer has under his control all the animals that produce the greatest value in marketable products from the least amount of feed consumed. Taking this view of the situation, it would seem that if there is an opportunity to make money on the farm out of any of the lines of animal husbandry, the question as to whether dairying will pay can receive the affirmative answer only.

Good Care Necessary.

One must remember, however, that the dairy cow, in order to make such profits, demands more care and attention than the beef steer and upon the methods employed in caring for and feeding her depends largely the use to which she puts her food. If she is the right kind of a cow and kept in a good, warm barn, well bedded and supplied with a ration that is conducive to milk production, the results will be economical and profitable, while, on the other hand, if she is a poor cow to start with, and compelled to remain out in a storm on cold days, or fight the heat and flies during hot weather, and if the ration she receives is one conductive to beef rather than milk production, the results will more than likely be wasteful and the profits small.

The Worst Combination.

There is no worse combination that can be gotten together and placed on the farm than inferior cows, poor feeds, poor care, poor shelter and environment, and inefficient management on the part of the farmer; and it cannot be reasonably expected that such a combination will bring anything except poor results. It is safe to guarantee that dairying under these conditions will not pay; and to the one who is at this time dairying under such conditions, the best advice that could be given would be to change at once his conditions or as rapidly as possible enter some other line of farming that will produce profits under such conditions, if any such line of agriculture is to be found. To the one who anticipates entering into the business on such a basis the advice should be that he will find for himself nothing but a lot of hard labor, discouragements galore, and only a poor subsistence for himself and family.

The dairy cow should be considered as a machine placed upon the farm much in the same way as the manufacturer places in his factory a machine for the purpose of converting raw material into a finished product. No successful manufacturer will ever install in his plant a machine that will not convert raw material into a finished product and do it profitably. He realizes that the raw material fed into the machine costs a specified sum and that the operation of the machine is more or less expensive, and costs him money to operate. All these items of expense are figured by him very closely. He determines first the cost of the raw material, next the wear and tear upon the machine and the cost of keeping it in running condition, or maintaining it. He then figures closely the cost of operating it in the most successful manner, and in the end, is able to charge up against the finished product pound for pound, or yard for yard, the exact cost of production. He knows exactly what the selling price is to be as well as what the cost has been, and he realizes that the margin between the cost and the net selling price is his profit or loss, as the case may be. Occasionally, no doubt, he finds a machine in his factory, the producing capacity of which is so small, or the cost of running so large, that the difference between the cost of producing the article of commerce is even higher than the net selling price, and this particular machine or these particular machines are losing money for him rather than making for him profits. Now, if he is a business man, as he usually is, he at once throws them out of his factory and installs in their places new machines with the capacity and the charactertistics which make it possible for them to be operated at a profit rather than a loss. Or, perhaps, looking at it in still another manner, we find a manufacturer who started his plant some 25 years ago with a certain class of machinery that on the whole makes for him a small margin of profit, but during the last year or two some inventor has placed upon the market machines for the purpose of manufacturing the same article that he has been making, at a much less cost of operation, thus permitting some one to manufacture the same commodity which he is making at a much less cost, and competing with him upon the same market in selling. Now, if he is a business man, he realizes that if there is a machine in the world that will do the same business that his machines are doing, and accomplish the same end at less cost, he at once sells out his entire factory, or gets rid of the machines which he is at the present time using, and installs in their places, machines of the improved type and the character which insures the most economical producing value.

The Farmer a Manufacturer.

Now, whether or not the farmer conducts his business of dairying along the same lines as the manufacturer, determines whether or not he conducts his business affairs strictly along business lines. It is certainly apparent that the man who is keeping upon his farm inferior machines in the shape of poor cows for the conversion of the raw material or the feeds which he raises upon his farm, or buys, as the case may be, into a finished product in the form of milk, cream and butter-fat, places himself in the same position exactly as the manufacturer who has in his factory machines that are making him a far less profit than would be possible were he to install in their places machines of an improved type and character. Again, we find manufacturers who expend a great deal of money in establishing a plant and fitting it up with the very best of machinery. So far their methods have been exceptionally good, and point toward success and profits, but later they make a mistake by employing unskilled laborers who have not the ability to operate the machines to the very best advantage, and the result of this is that the machines do no better work and no more of it than a much poorer machine would be, were it operated with more skill, and this again applies to the conditions on many of our farms.

The American Spirit.

Impatience of delay is one of the symptoms of Americanitis, and it exhibits itself in many ways, much to the astonishment of the more phlegmatic inhabitants of the globe. An instance of this is given in A. G. Bradley's "Highways and Byways of the Lake District." The author was being rowed on one of the lakes by a clear-eyed young dalesman.

I asked him if he had many foreigners as passengers.

"I take a gey few of them."

"Do you like Americans?"

He liked them well enough, but he followed up my query by asking another as to the fishing in America, saying that the water there must either be chock-full of fish or else there were none at all.

I asked him why he thought that.

"Because," he said, "when I take a party of Yankees out they get in a turble way if they don't catch a fish about every two minutes. So I suppose they either never had a rod in their hands before, or else they were accustomed to catching fish as fast as they could haul them in."—Youth's Companion.

ESTABLISHED 1851

The Telegraph

Is one of Pioneer Papers of Northern Illinois. Its News is reliable and up-to-date. Correct and extensive market reports. Covers all the important news of the county and surrounding country.

The Evening Telegraph

Will cost you but

10c a week or $5 per year

Will be delivered to your house by Carrier, every evening except Sunday.

The Semi-Weekly Telegraph

Will be sent to any address for $1.50 per year, in advance.

The "Don't Need To" Theory

In the recent debate at Reno Mr. James Jeffries failed to convince Mr. John Johnson.

Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Jeffries was the leading man in his line of work. Business was good and his profits were big.

Having all the money he could handle at the time, he concluded to take a rest.

To be sure he planned to get in the field again at the proper time.

But everything was rosy and there really seemed no good and sufficient reason why he should spend so many hours a day keeping his muscles lithe and strong and his wind good and his heart and nerves in trim.

Eventually the meeting with Mr. Johnson was arranged. Mr. Jeffries was still tolerably content with what he had done.

(Brother, a has-done is about as bad as a has-been.)

Mr. Jeffries did not care to stand up in the training ring and punch and take punches. He did not see any necessity of practicing side-steps and feints and rushes.

He knew all about them. Why, seven years ago he had done all of that he ever needed to do.

Mr. Johnson did not overlook the boxing and the wrestling and the clinching and the sidestepping, etc.

As a result, Mr. Jeffries received Mr. Johnson's compliments on the point of the jaw and his business career closed.

Advertising a business is the training of that business.

Advertising keeps a business healthy.

It tones up its liver, strengthens its biceps, steadies its heart and keeps its nerves in order.

Once in a while a man decides he is doing so much business that he can stop advertising for a while and run on momentum.

Momentum is the gradual process toward a full stop.

The momentum business is usually prematurely full stopped by the straight left jab of the well-trained competitor who finds his opening in the fifteenth round.

If you want to stay in business stay in the advertising field.

No matter how much business you are doing, keep up the energy that makes it.

You might as well cut off your legs because you are running well in a foot race as to cut off your advertising because your business is too good.

You might as well tell the insurance man that you are so healthy you will drop the policy for a few years as to stop advertising because the orders are piling up.

"Don't need to" is the eventual preliminary to "Can't do it."

The only man who doesn't need to advertise is the man who has retired from business.

The only policy holder who doesn't need to pay his premiums is dead.

Mr. Jeffries doesn't need to train any more. He is licked.

The Evening Telegraph,

LEADING NEWSPAPER IN LEE COUNTY.

EVENING TELEGRAPH

B. F. SHAW PRINTING COMPANY
Daily Except Sunday

Entered at P. O. as Second-Class matter.

Terms.

One Week 10c
One Year $5.00
By Mail, per Year in Advance. 3 00
Telephone No. 5.

AUCUST 15 1910

HEALTH OFFICER NEEDED

There is good authority for the report that there was recently a well defined case of small pox in the east part of this city which at the time was diagnosed as chicken pox. It may be that the physician in attendance did not know that it was a case of small pox, and it may be that he did. If he did, he has committed serious offense against the public safety and if he did not he should not be allowed to practice medicine. Here is an illustration of the need of a health officer in Dixon. In case of doubt of the contagious nature of any illness, a double diagnosis or consultation with the health officer will offer protection to the public. It is unwise for any city of the size of Dixon to be without a competent health officer. The city council should give this matter consideration.

SHOOTING OF GAYNOR

The attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor of New York is but one result of disreputable municipal politics. Utterances of the man who made the murderous assault indicate as much.

Since his election as mayor, Gaynor has been a target for the abuse of many of his former supporters—members of the discredited political organization in that city upon whom he had turned his back. Because he refused to accept their dictation, he has suffered everything in the way of villification these ready blakguards could invent.

Slander emanating from men who previously had enjoyed political leadership in the city and repeated by those under them had, of course, its desired effect on the poor and ignorant, among whom was the miserable wretch who shot the mayor. It is not difficult to understand how his mind was poisoned, nor is it difficult to appreciate how his inebriated brain was fired to the point of attempting murder. That Gaynor was a bad man and that his removal would be justified and applauded, the assassin, no doubt believed In any event, he justified it on his own account.

Judge Gaynor is, in a measure, responsible for conditions which have gradually led to such sentiments as were expressed by the man who tried to kill him. Prior to the time he became mayor and had thrust on him the great responsibility of administering the affairs of the metropolis, he was given to extravagant speech and frequently indulged in utterances calculated to inflame the undeveloped and untrained mind. It is not impossible that this assassin's hatred of the judge had its inception in prejudices aroused by his own words.

This reflection does not, in any sense, excuse the cowardly attack on the mayor, nor should it interfere with the punishment of his assailant. The latter should be prompt and sufficiently severe to serve as a warning to all who harbor such sentiments.

But the real lesson lies in contemplation of what can come of political slander. This is the lesson which should be taken to heart by men who will not be influenced by the punishment of Gaynor's assailant—men who, without realizing the consequences, permit their tongues to get the better of them in political contests.

This Should Interest You

It is told that a merchant in New York City advertised for a young man to fill a certain position. The next morning he found six applicants in waiting.

The merchant asked:

"How many of you young men have savings bank accounts?"

Only one replied that he had.

"I'll take you," said the merchant.

His bank account was a recommendation. It suggested at once to the merchant, the possession of qualifications he desired in his service,

You can start an account with this bank with $1, $5, or any other amount. We allow 3 per cent interest on deposits in our savings department.

Don't let a mistake discourage you—history is made up of mistakes.

UNION STATE BANK
DIXON, ILLINOIS.
DIRECTORS:
I. B. Countryman C. J. Rosbrook
O. F. McKenney E. J. Countryman
C. H. Stiteley C. H. McKenney
F. E. Stiteley

DR. McPHERSON INSANE

Dr. Robert McPherson of Milledgeville was tried for insantity Saturday by Judge Turnbaugh and Assistant State's Attorney Charles Stuart of Mt. Carroll. These gentlemen accompanied by Sheriff Williams and Dr. Powers, also of Mt. Carroll, drove to Milledgeville and after a hearing Dr. McPherson was adjudged insane. On Monday he was taken to Watertown by the sheriff. The trouble was found to be alcoholic dementia from which, it is said, he can get relief under the proper treatment.

HAS BUILT MANY MILES CEMENT WALK

W. J. Kelly of this city is a pioneer cement walk builder and has built many miles of walk in Dixon as well as in other cities; in fact, he has constructed nearly all of the cement walk laid in Dixon to the entire satisfaction of the property owners and the city. Not only has his work proven satisfactory in appearance, but in the few instances where there has been any defect through unavoidable reasons he has replaced the work without cost to the property owner. This is a good record for the Dixon contractor.

SLUGGTD BY ROBBERS WHO SOUGHT MONEY

A Greek employed at the American steel and wire plant in DeKalb and living a hermit life in a hut to the rear of the factory, was beaten into unconsciousness Friday night by robbers in a vain effort to steal a sum of money which he was reputed to have in his possession. The man was found in such a precarious condition the next morning that he was taken to the hospital.

FREEPORT POST IS COMING TO REUNION

Although outside of the territory embraced by the Northwestern Soldiers' and Sailors' association, the Freeport post of the Grand Army voted to attend the reunion in Dixon tomorrow and Wednesday. It is expected that there will also be other posts represented from the counties adjoining Lee, Whiteside, Ogle and Carroll.

WRECK DELAYED C. & N. W. TRAINS

SATURDAY NIGHT WEST BOUND TRAINS MANY HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE

All west bound trains on the Galena division of the Northwestern Saturday night were running much behind schedule time owing to a bad freight wreck at Lombard A meat train was derailed and blocked both tracks for hours. No one was injured

The regular Sterling passenger did not reach here until about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, a train to bring west the Sterling passengers was made up at West Chicago, and reached Dixon about 9 o'clock. Passenger train Nos. 1 and 11 were annulled. Train No. 25 by going over the C. M. & St. P., via. of Elgin and West Chicago, reached Dixon after 10 o'clock.

GASOLINE FIRE BURNS POLO RESIDENCE

The dwelling house in southwest Polo belonging to Miss Emma Spickler and occupied by Charles Gunder and family, was destroyed by fire Tuesday forenoon. The fire alarm was sounded at about 10:15 o'clock but by that time the fire had gotten such a headway that it was impossible to save the building. Charles O'Kane who was delivering groceries for the Niman grocery at the Gunder home was near at hand when the fire started and assisted Mrs. Gunder in carrying a few articles from the rooms. The fire was caused by the filling of a gasloine tank before the flame in the burner was extinguished The fire company hurried to the scene of the fire and worked hard to save a portion of the building. As it is the building has been made worth less as only part of the walls remain standing.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS
PAST AND PROSPECTIVE

Guest Over Sunday

Miss Bessie Kennedy entertained Miss Bessie Edwards of DeKalb over Sunday.

To Attend Wedding

Mrs. Albert Petit left for Ottawa to attend the wedding of a friend, Miss Mary Canty.

At the Colonial

Jake Snyder and Miss Theresa Morse were at the Colonial for supper Sunday evening.

Supper at the Sheffield.

Miss Grace Martin and Raymond McGowan took Sunday evening supper at the Sheffield in Grand Detour

At the Sheffield

The Misses Selby of Bloomington and Miss Scott of Champaign are guests at the Sheffield for a week.

Supper at Grandy

Clinton Mosshelder and Miss Crabtree drove to Grand Detour Sunday evening, where they took supper

Sundayed at Grandy

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winnebrenner, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Poole and Mr. and Mrs. James Robbins spent Sunday at Grand Detour.

Guests at Grand Detour

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Downing and Miss Dysart were guest of Otto Glessner Sunday. They motored to Grandy where they dined at the Sheffield.

At Grand Detour Camp

Mrs. John Walker and Mrs. P. Covert spent yesterday at Grand Detour as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Parmaly who are camping there.

On a Vacation

Miss Patrick, our society reporter, is out of town for a few days. If you have any social items we would be pleased to receive them over the telephone.

Bloomington Guests Leave

Robert Cowles and wife, and party of friends, who visited at the Dr. J. W. Stephens, over Sunday, departed this morning for their home in Bloomington. The trip to Dixon was made overland in an automobile

Entertained at Dinner

Mrs. J. M. Hooker of Peoria avenue entertained at dinner Friday evening, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. McGinnis and family of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Place.

To Visit in Pawpaw

Misses Flora and Eula Miller of Udall, Kan., who have been guests at L. W. Miller home for a week, left this morning for Pawpaw to visit this week at the home of S. B. Miller.

Mrs. Van Eaton a Guest

Mrs. J. S. Van Eaton of Xenia, Ohio, has been a guest at the L. B. Neighbour home, 1503 Thrid street. Mrs. Van Eaton is the wife of Prof. Van Eaton, who will be remembered as an instructor in Dixon College some years ago. Messrs. Van Eaton and Neighbour had been classmates at college.

Will Wed Tonight

The wedding of Mr. Grover Wilhelm and Miss Meta Voight will occur this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Miss Voight's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Voight, 415 East Seventh street. The young people will spend a portion of their honey moon with relatives in Chicago. Rev Theo. Drexel, pastor of the Geramn Lutheran church, will officiate at the wedding.

Guests Have Gone

Leo Canmann and wife entertained last week, their daughter, Miss Hazel, and Mr. Ellis Johnson of Chicago. Saturday they also entertained Judge E. A. W. Johnson and wife, of Chicago. Miss Canmann and Mr. Johnson returned to Chicago this morning. Mr. Canmann remarked this morning that his guests were so well pleased with Dixon that next summer they will come here and spend several weeks of their vacation.

DR. CRYOR RETURNS

Dr. S. S. Cryor has returned from his vacation and will conduct prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening.

s very apropos to the occasion.

The materials for the scene in the window were procured from the local militia. At one side of the window there is an army shelter tent all pitched and in readiness for a storm. Sticking out of it are a pair of feet encased in heavy army boots presumably belonging to tired soldier who is off duty and get the rest.

There is another soldier in full uniform, standing at attention. Rifles are stacked in front of the tent and on the ground are all of the different utensils used by a soldier while on the tramp and in the field. There are the army shovels picks, cups, plates forks, spoons, canteens and so forth, not forgetting the cob pipe and the package of Durham. To Kenneth Corcoran and Eli himself the credit of the decorating is due.

THE SPORTING NEWS

BASEBALL RESULTS.

Outcome of Games in National and American Leagues; Standing.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Chi.	66	33	.667	Cin.	50	52	.490
Pitts.	60	38	.612	Brook.	41	59	.410
N. Y.	58	40	.592	St. L.	41	61	.402
Phil.	50	50	.500	Bos.	36	69	.343

No games scheduled.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Phil.	70	33	.680	Clev.	48	55	.466
Bos.	62	45	.579	Wash.	46	61	.430
Det.	59	47	.557	Chi.	43	61	.413
N. Y.	59	48	.551	St. L.	33	70	.320

At Chicago—		R.	H.	E.
New York	000000001—1	4	0	
Chicago	000000022x—4	15	2	

Hughes and Sweeney; Lange, Walsh and Sullivan.

Second game:		R.	H.	E.
New York	000500000—5	5	0	
Chicago	000000001—1	9	2	

Fisher and Criger; Walsh, Young, Olmstead and Block.

At St. Louis—		R.	H.	E.
Boston	001051000—7	10	2	
St. Louis	000001003—4	7	5	

Collins and Klienow; Criss and Killifer.

Second game:		R.	H.	E.
Boston	000211001—5	10	0	
St. Louis	101100010—4	9	1	

Arrellanes, Hall and Carrigan; Pelty and Stephens.

At Detroit—		R.	H.	E.
Detroit	000000210—3	13	0	
Washington	000000000—0	5	2	

Willet and Schmidt; Reisling and Beckendorf.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Milwaukee—Milwaukee, 7; Kansas City, 0. Second game—Kansas City, 6; Milwaukee, 0.

At St. Paul—St. Paul, 2; Minneapolis, 4.

At Indianapolis — Indianapolis, 6; Louisville, 0.

At Columbus—Columbus, 1; Toledo, 6. Second game—Columbus, 8; Toledo, 7.

SWISSVILLE LOST A GAME

Swissville was defeated yesterday afternoon at Athletic park by a pick up team of all stars of the city, composed mostly of Independent players. The score was 8 to 4. Swissville had one bad inning in which the Pick-Ups got a home run with the bases filled, which coupled with a few errors by Swissville allowed them six runs.

The batteries, for Swissville Keenan and Larkins; for Pick-Ups McCune and Minnehan.

Swissville got 7 hits; Pick-Ups, 6

Score by innings:

Swissville—	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1—4
Pick-Ups —	0	0	0	0	2	0	6	0	*—8

F. E. STITELEY IMPROVES

C. H. Stiteley visited his brother F. E. Stiteley yesterday at the Winnetka health resort and finds him getting along very nicely.

HERE FROM ROCHELLE

Misses Katherine, Helen, Anna, and Francis O'Rourke of Rochelle visited here Sunday with friends and attended the Assembly. They dined at the Nachusa house.

Too Much Cob.

A farmer who was taking his first long trip on a railroad train found himself getting hungry. The train boy came through and after some effort sold the farmer three bananas for ten cents. The farmer peeled the bananas, threw away the fruit and ate the skins. Presently the boy came back. "Want some more bananas?" he asked. "No, I guess not." "Why wasn't they good?" "Oh, good's common, I suppose, but they's too durned much cob about them."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Steel Aeroplane.

An aeroplane in which seamless steel tubing takes the place of wood or bamboo in the frames and planes has proved a success in Germany.

Special Values in Summer Waists, Wash Suits and Dresses

White Waists			Wash Dresses		
1.50 and 1.75 Quality		$1.25	1.50 and 1.75 Quality		98c
2.00	"	$.150	2.00	"	$1.50
2.50	"	$1.75	3.00	"	$1.97
3.00	"	$2.25	3.98	"	$2.75
3.50	"	$2.75	5.00	"	$3 75
3.97	"	$2.97	7.50	"	$5.00
5.00	"	$3.97			

Wash Suits

$5.00 Quality - - -	$3.50
$7.50 Quality - - -	$5.00
$10.00 Quality - - -	$7.50

A. L. Geisenheimer.

THE OIL WELL SHOOTER.

Sometimes Blown Into Eternity With His Own Ammunition.

In certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary sometimes in opening an oil well—sometimes when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted—to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerin at the bottom of the well. This explosive is employed because it is explodes readily by the dropping of a weight upon it. A man who carries nitroglycerin from well to well for this purpose is known in the oil regions as a "shooter."

The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and when it has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerin, which is a molasses-like fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to shoot. Usually he makes the trip very early in the morning to avoid the customary travel and so diminish the chance of danger.

For the most part the roads are bad, and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old shooter decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive. Several wagons bearing shooters and their loads have been blown up, but no one ever lived to tell what sort of jar caused the explosion.

In such a case little is ever found except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction.

The shooter generally takes from 80 to 240 quarts of nitroglycerin in his wagon. The smaller amount is quite enough if it should explode to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle.

When the shooter reaches the well which is to be treated long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well, and the nitroglycerin is poured carefully into them. The well may be 1,500 feet deep and is seldom less than a thousand. When one of the tubes is filled it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the shooter is satisfied that the load is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose. When all is ready a bar of iron, known as a "go-devil," is dropped into the well. The instant it leaves his hand the shooter takes to his heels, seeking a place of safety.

Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder until a column of oil and water shoots from 75 to 100 feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled with clouds of spray floating to leeward. When this subsides the well is in operation and the shooter receives his fee and drives away.—Harper's Weekly.

The Dead Man's Hand.

Charms as cures for sickness were common in England a century ago. Lady Wake, who was born in 1800, tells of a grewsome cure adopted for the removal of some birthmarks which disfigured her face. Her mother was persuaded that "a dead man's hand laid upon my cheek and hands would effectually remove the marks," she writes. "As a man could not be killed for the occasion, it was necessary to wait till some one died. An old man at last did die in one of the nearest cottages, and I was taken there in my sleep. I remember afterward being constantly stopped by the widow, who always examined my cheek in order to ascertain the state of her husband's body, as the marks, she told my nurse, would certainly fade away as he turned into dust. Whatever the cause of the cure, the marks in time disappeared."

"It's the Cut."

An aged country rector who had an old tailor as his clerk, returning from his church one Sunday with the latter, thus addressed him:

"Thomas, I cannot think how it is that our church should be getting thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did and ought to have far more experience than I had when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas. "I'll tell you what; old parsons nowadays are just like old tailors, for I'm sure I sew as well as ever I did in my life, and the cloth is the same, but it's the cut, sir. Ah, it's the new cut."—Pearson's Weekly.

Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

A Leading Citizen.

"Didn't you tell me Faro Joe was one of the leading citizens of Crimson Gulch?"

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "he was. When he left town he led the vigilance committee by a quarter of a mile clean to the next county."—Washington Star.

Didn't Mean It That Way.

Willie—I say, ma, if dad was to die would he go to heaven? Ma—Hush, Willie! Who's been putting such ridiculous thoughts into your head!—London Opinion.

One today is worth two tomorrows. —Franklin.

PAINTING THE WORLD.

Indian Legend of the Way Spring Came Into Existence.

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns. There was no color except white in all the world except in the sky, and it was almost black. At night the stars looked through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the Spring down into the world—the Spring with red lips and curling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms and the first flowers—crocus, anemones and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the Spring was the white rabbit. The Spring dropped a red crocus on his head, and ever since then all white rabbits have had red eyes.

Then the Spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the Spring, and that is the way the bluebird was made. Ever since then it is the first bird to arrive when the Spring comes down from heaven.

So the Spring went through the world. Wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas, and the ice melted and the fish became painted with all the tint of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and the salmon became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the Spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the Spring paint only the sides.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the Spring, so they, too, remain white to this day

Dramatic Notes

FAMILY THEATRE

Entire change of program at the Family Theatre. Miss Eugenie Ray is a sparkling singer and dancer and is considered to be one of the best in vaudeville. The famous and original Consul, the Monkey that does everything but talk, is here. This is the act that played twenty-five consecutive weeks at the American Music Hall in New York at two dollars a seat. This is one of the highest salaried acts in vaudeville. The management has made the price of admission twenty cents for adults and children over ten years of age, and ten cents for children under ten years of age. Consul's manager says they never played to as low admission as this but once and that was at a place where there was a big fight an between two vaudeville houses. The management has secured patriotic pisturer for the first four nights of this week for the soldiers' reunion. Also will give a big matinee Tuesday afternoon at 3 p. m. Admission ten cents to all.

HOW TO KEEP TOMATOES

Late this fall, when frosts begin to destroy the garden products, select some of the largest and most perfect tomatoes and wrap each carefully in pieces of paper, either tissue paper or soft newspaper. Place these lightly in grape baskets and hang in the cold cellar where mice cannot disturb them. When wanted take out the desired amount and if they already have not ripened as they sometimes do, you can place them in the kitchen window and they will soon ripen. The little tomatoes can be preserved by pulling up the entire vine and hanging in the cellar, though these do not last as long as those protected with paper.

Aching Voids.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "that's the second time I've heard you use the phrase 'aching void.' I wish you would tell me how a void can ache."

"Well," said Brooks, reflecting a moment, "not to speak of a hollow tooth, don't you sometimes have the headache?"—Chicago Tribune.

Matrimonial Felicity.

Mrs. Quackenboss—Am yo' daughtah happily mar'd, Sistah Sagg?

Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skeered to death of her!—Woman's Home Companion.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

The Embargo Removed.

She—My chaperon can't see a thing without her glasses, and now she's mislaid them. He (chuckling)—S'sh! Don't say anything! I've got them in my pocket.—Boston Transcript.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

FOREST FIRES ARE RAGING IN IDAHO

Coeur d'Alene District Swept by a Fiery Whirlwind.

SUPPLY TRAIN DISSAPPEARS

Citizens Are In a Panic, and the Task of Subduing the Flames Appears to Be Practically Hopeless.

Spokane, Wash., Aug., 15.—The immense forest fires now raging in the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho, especially in the vicinity of Wallace, Murray and Mullan, are taxing the fighting resources of hundreds of men almost beyond endurance, and the task of subduing the flames is practically hopeless.

Citizens of the threatened towns are in a state of panic, and the dense smoke, which envelopes them, causes intense suffering. Men and women are praying for rain and that there may be no change of wind.

A heavy pall of smoke hangs over the district. Heated embers are falling everywhere. A change of wind from the east to west would bring the fiery furnace to the top of the hills overlooking Wallace, were the fierce flames would create a heat in which frame buildings would burn like tinder in spite of all precautions.

A supply pack train of thirty-five packs, with a relay of thirty-five freighters, en route from Iron Mountain to Independence Creek, at the head of the St. Joe, under the direction of Roscoe Hails of the forestry bureau is reported "whereabouts unknown."

The fire fighters, worn out by weeks of exertion, find that all their efforts have been of little avail, and look for no permanent relief until a heavy rainfall stops the fires.

HASKELL MAY SECURE TOGA

Oklahoma Governor Wants to Represent His State in Senate.

Guthrie, Okla., Aug. 15.—The program is already fixed in Oklahoma Democratic circles in case Senator Gore should, for any reason, lose his seat in United States senate as a result of present congressional bribery inquiry. His successor will be G. H. Haskell, by appointment of Leo Cruce of Ardmore, recently nominated by the Democrats to succeed Haskell as governor.

Haskell supported Cruce for the nomination, and will stump the state for him and in return Cruce will name Haskell senator in case of a vacancy, or support him to succeed Robert L. Owen when the latter's term as United States senator expires.

MELISH APPOINTS HIS STAFF

Very Eminent Grand Master of Masons Selects His Aides.

Cincinnati, Aug. 15.—Very Eminent Grand Master William B. Melish, on his arrival home immediately set to work to appoint his staff. The first name he placed on the list was that of the venerable John M. Walden of the Methodist Episcopal church, who was appointed very eminent grand prelate of the grand encampment of Knights Templars. Other appointments to the staff are:

L. F. Newby, Knightstown, Ind., grand standard bearer; Fred C. Thayer, Waterville, Mo., very eminent grand sword bearer; Hueston B. Coleman, Kalamazoo, Mich., grand warder, and John B. Boykin, Richmond, Va., grand captain of the guard.

ILLINOIS MINERS STAND FIRM

Fight Between Illinois and National Presidents Reaches Acute Stage.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 15.—John H. Walker, president of the Illinois delegates, charged that a number of delegates had been offered offices if they would change their position in regard to the Illinois strike. Walker did not name the men he said had been approached, nor did he say who mae the alleged offer.

T. L. Lewis, president of the International organization denied that any such offer had been made. Illinois delegates at the conference decided to stand by the Peoria convention and to demand and indorsement of the Illinois strike.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR SLAIN

Bertha Benigus Found Dead in Chair With Hands Tied.

Abilene, Kas., Aug. 1.—Bertha Benigus, a telephone operator, 20 years old, found dead in her room. She was seated in a chair with her hands tied behind her back and was covered with pillows and blankets.

It is thought that she was chloroformed. Miss Benigus was to have been married today to Earl Livingston, of Topeka. It is believed Miss Benigus was killed by housebreakers.

385 Dead From Flood.

Tokio, Aug. 15.—It is reported that 385 persons are known to have lost their lives in the recent floods caused by the rise in the river Sunida and that 500 are missing.

THE FUEGIANS.

They Are Stunted and Misshapen as Well as Hideously Ugly.

At the two extremes of the American continent dwell the most wretched races of beings—the Eskimos at the north and the Fuegians at the south. Of the two the Fuegians appear to be the lowest in the civilized scale, their general aspect being wretched and degraded.

Their hideously ugly faces express the grossest stupidity, and their persons are both stunted and misshapen. The average height of the men does not exceed five feet two inches, that of the women four feet eight inches, and owing to their habit of standing in a stooping attitude they look even less than their actual height.

But, although they are veritable pygmies in stature, yet their bodies are exceedingly large, and their general appearance is such as might result from tacking on to the trunk of a giant the arms and legs of a child.

Their color appears to be a copper bronze, but as nearly all are begrimed with smoke it is difficult to specify their precise hue. The very young children are light brown in color with the exception of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, which are of a dirty yellow.

The heads of the adults are covered with coarse black hair which falls in lank masses to the neck behind and on each side of the face, but is cut away from before the eyes.

The forehead is low and retreating, the nose broad, flat and furnished with immense nostrils, and the mouth is very wide, with thick, protruding lips, the upper one being very much elongated.

The eyes are small and placed somewhat obliquely, the iris is invariably black in color, and the white of the eye has a distinctly yellowish tinge. Moreover, owing apparently to the irritation produced by the smoke of the fires over which they are so constantly crouching, they are very generally blear eyed.

The teeth, although very much discolored, are, as a rule, regular and sound. The men have naturally only a few black bristles scattered over the upper lip and chin. These, however, are carefully extracted from time to time by means of two mussel shells, and very frequently the hair of the eyebrows is removed by a similar process. The males appear to pay no attention whatever to the dressing of their hair, but the women are somewhat more particular and may frequently be seen employing in its arrangement the toothed jaw of a porpoise in lieu of a comb. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Halibut In Canada.

"One cannot be long in any hotel or restaurant in Canada without seeing halibut on the bill of fare," says a writer in Canada. "In this respect it assumes the position of a national dish. It is there on Christmas day and again on midsummer day, and there are not many days in between these two dates when halibut finds no place on the menu. So plentiful is halibut in the waters of the west coast of Vancouver island that Ernest McGaffey on one occasion watched a few Indians, with their crude fishing arrangements, catch 21,000 pounds in Clayoquot sound in one day. When it is remembered that a halibut sometimes weighs as much as 300 pounds perhaps this achievement will lose a tiny part of its glory."

Color Harmony.

The key to all color harmony is simply this—that kindred or related colors harmonize, go well together, while unrelated colors are antagonistic to each other. Those colors are kindred which are side by side on the spectrum band or the color circuit. Red is kindred to orange because orange is an admixture of red and yellow; orange is kindred to yellow because of the yellow in the orange; yellow is akin to green because green is an admixture of yellow and blue.

A Street In Moscow.

One street in Moscow, Miasnitskaya Ulitza, is devoted almost entirely to stores selling machinery. The windows of these shops are large and of plate glass and display the various wares to good advantage. Many windows are devoted to large exhibits of various mechanisms, and at a certain hour in the afternoon these machines are so far as possible set in motion to give practical illustration of their workings.

His Safeguard.

I knew that Mr. Rurales lived on a much traveled turnpike, and I asked him if he and his family were not greatly troubled by tramps stopping at his house.

"We're not troubled at all," he replied, smiling shrewdly. "There's a magical sign on the front gate."

"A magical sign?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said, with a grin. "It reads, 'Employment Agency.'"—Chicago News.

Precisely That.

Braggsby—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now. Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

Plenty of Changes.

"I always dress according to the weather."

"I haven't as large a wardrobe as that."—Pittsburg Post.

Conceit is vanity driven from all other shifts and forced to appeal to itself for admiration.—Hazlitt.

FIREBUG CAUGHT AND HANGS SELF

FRANK DRUSEN TAKES LIFE IN CELL OF ROCKFORD CITY JAIL

WAS A VICTIM OF ALCOHOLISM

Had Mania for Setting Buildings Afire—Charged With Starting Four Fires

Frank F. Drusen, a victim of booze, hung himself in the city jail at Rockford late Saturday afternoon, strangling himself with the chain from which the upper bunk in his cell was suspended. He was discovered by one of the other prisoners who called the jailor and with the help of Chief Bargren and another officer the body was lifted down and unsuccessful effort made to revive respiration. A physician who had been immediately summoned also attempted to restore heart action, but the man was found to be dead.

Drusen had been arrested on a charge of arson, being suspected of starting all of the mysterious fires that have occurred in the city for some time, as they bore all the ear marks of incendiary orgin. Dursen had been seen coming from these places shortly before the discovery of the fires. McDermaid's warehouse two barns and a lumber pile are said to have been fired by Dursen, the loss by fire being about $6000. Dursen was a bricklayer by trade, had lived in Rockford 25 years and leaves a widow and two children.

The coroner's jury brought a verdict of suicide by hanging while temporarily insane and suffering from chronic alcholism. Mrs. Drusen had tired of the actions and habits of her husband and was complainant in a pending divorce bill, which would have come for hearing in the October term of the circuit court.

CITY IS REMOVING UNSIGHTLY BUILDING

FRAME STRUCTURE ON FIRST STREET NEAR SCHULER HOTEL MUST GO

Superintendent of Public Works Gitt started Saturday to remove the Morris building, which is located on First street near the Schuler hotel. He placed a railing in front of the building to keep people away, and removed the walk leading into the building. As soon as convenient, Mr. Gitt will begin moving the building proper.

There seems to be objections on the part of one or two men to moving the building. Just why they have entered objections is not understood The city council passed a resolution sometime ago, authorizing Supt. Gitt to remove or have removed this building that is located on the street The superintendent has been so busy with other city affairs that it was impossible for him to do that work.

It is the general opinion of every one who knows the circumstances relative to this structure, that it ought to be removed, and it should have been done long before this.

AUTO WITHOUT LIGHTS CRASHED INTO BUGGY

Fred Davidson, proprietor of the Rock Falls elevator, was run into by an auto Friday night about 8 o'clock as he was driving onto the First avenue bridge to go to Sterling from his home town. The auto had no lights burning, although it was dark at the time, and it was speeding at a very swift pace. As a result of the collision one of the buggy wheels was broken, a thill broken and other miner damages. The horse was also cut an scratched. The police followed the machine and obtained the number, which was 10766 The registry shows that the machine belongs to a Rockford man, but it is believed that the two men in it were Sterling men. The owner of the auto will be called upon to pay damages and also a fine for running without lights.

Old Grand Canal of China.

In these days when every one is marveling at the huge figures sent out from Panama people appear to have forgotten the old grand canal of China, which was dug way back in the dark ages and has never yet been rivaled for length. It is 650 miles long and is used constantly.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S PROGRESS RAPID

Patient Better Than at Any Time Since He Was Shot.

BLOOD INFECTION STILL FEARED

All Indications Are Favorable to Rapid Recovery If Today Passes Without Anything Serious Developing.

New York, Aug. 15.—Word came from Mayor Gaynor's bedside in St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, that if the patient passed today without any unfavorable change in his condition, there is every reason to believe that his recovery is nearly assured. Sunday passed with nothing but the most favorable indication of progress.

The reason why today has been set by attending physicians as mile posts along the road of convalescence, was explained by one of them thus. He said so far as surgeons had been able to classify the bacteria of infection, there were two septic genera, the most to be feared in cases such as Mayor Gaynor's. One variety possessed an incubating period of about forty-eight hours and its dangerous activity was limited to from ten to twelve hours. The second of malignant bacteria of blood poisoning, required five or six days for incubation, but it was more to be feared than the first, for the germs of infection were capable of activity for one or two days.

Mayor Gaynor had passed the first danger mark of infection last Thursday the physician said. Today at 10 o'clock the fifth day since the shooting on board the deck of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, passed, and the sixth day entered upon. If no signs of infection appeared by 10 o'clock this morning, practically all danger of that source will be passed. President McKinley, so the reporters informant pointed out, passed successfully the first danger zone of infection, but on the fifth day, when he seemed well on the road to recovery, virulent infection began that later caused his death.

It was understood that Dr. Brewer had prepared to operate on the first sign of encroaching septicaemia. The operating room, which is only four doors from the mayor's room on the top floor, was prepared for instant use, the instruments were sterilized by attendants and a wheeled cot was kept outside the door of Mayor Gaynor's room.

Two blood tests were made by Dr. George F. Sullivan, the bacteriologist of the hospital staff. Both of them were announced as satisfactory.

THOUSANDS AT BIER OF GANS

Both White and Colored Pay Respects —Funeral Held in Baltimore.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 15.—Funeral services over the body of Joe Gans, former champion lightweight boxer, who died last Wednesday of consumption, were held at the colored Methodist Episcopal church here.

The body lay in state at the church all forenoon and several thousand persons, both white and colored, passed by the casket for a last look upon the face of the dead pugilist. Burial was at Mount Auburn cemetery.

OHIO CAR RIOTS WORSE

One Shot and May Die; Five Others Seriously Injured

Mayor Marshall Will Probably Again Ask Gov. Harmon for Troops to Secure Order.

Columbus, O., Aug. 15.—Because of rioting only a dozen cars were running last night. It is probable that within twenty-four hours Mayor Marshall will again call upon Gov. Harmon for troops. The police force, demoralized by desertions in the face of emergency, is utterly unable to control the growing violence. One man was shot and may die, and five others were seriously injured in the rioting. Despite the presence of two police men on each car disorder was worse than at any time since the withdrawal of troops.

The rioting started at Schiller Park where a band concert was being held. A crowd blockaded the tracks and stopped the cars. Jeering mobs gathered about the crews and a fight started. Motorman L. S. Duvall was struck in the head with a brick and fell unconscious. Conductor Carlisle was dragged from his car and beaten. Conductor W. P. Miller and Motorman L. P. Evans of another car were also attacked and severely bruised.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER SINKING

Wife of Late Gov. R. P. Flower Expected to Die of Heart Failure.

Watertown, N. Y., Aug. 15.—No hope is entertained for the recovery of Mrs. Sarah Flower, widow of the late Gov. Roswell P. Flower, who is critically ill at her home in this city.

Her death is expected at any time. She is suffering from heart failure.

TWO COUNTIES IN K. C. PICNIC

BISHOP MULDOON TO BE AT PICNIC IN INTERURBAN PARK THURSDAY

The annual picnic for the Catholics of Lee and Whiteside counties and their friends will be held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Thursday, Aug. 18 at Interurban park.

Events

11:00 a. m.—Thrilling ball game between the married men and the bachelors of Sterling council Knigh of Columbus.

12:00 m.—Lunch. Bring your baskets. Coffee, sandwiches, lemonade, and refreshments will be served on grounds.

12:30 p. m—Special music during lunch hour.

1:00 p. m.—Boys' race, 12 years and under.

Girls' race, 12 years and under.

Married ladies' race.

Married men's race.

Young ladies' race.

Single men's race

Boys' three legged race.

Sack race.

Fat men's race.

Lean men's race.

Potato race.

2:00 p. m.—Musical concert by Halverson's orchestra.

2:30 p. m.—Address by Rt. Rev. Bishop P. J. Muldoon.

3:00 p. m.—Immediately after races and until ball game commences the assembly will be entertained with special music.

4: p. m.—Ball game between the Sterling and Dixon councils.

4:00 p. m. to 6 p. m.—Dancing at the auditorium. Halverson's orchestra.

7:00 p. m.—Dancing from this time until midnight. Halverson's orchestra.

MRS. GEORGE WEYANT OF NACHUSA DEAD

CAME HERE FROM PENNSYLVANIA WHEN A GIRL— FUNERAL TUESDAY

Mrs. George Weyant (Lydia Bell) of Nachusa, died at the Dixon hospital.

Mrs. Weyant was born in Somerset county, Pa., March 18, 1868. She was 13 years old when she came to Taylor, Ogle county, Nov. 17, 1896. She was married to George Weyant of Nachusa and resided in Nachusa until her death

Mrs. Weyant had been a great, but patient sufferer for nearly six years.

Deceased leaves besides her husband two step-sons, Jesse and Harry Weyant, one brother, Perry Galatine of Nachusa, one sister, Mrs. Harvey Means, of Cleghorn, Ia., and one brother, John Bell, Somerset county Pa.

The funeral will be held at her late home in Nachusa at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and at 2:30 o'clock at St. Paul's Lutheran church Revs. W. H. Hilbish and C. E. Wirick will officiate. Interment will be at the Dunkard cemetery, 2 miles northeast of Nachusa.

Curious Tombstone.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub, which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement by a traveling circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

More Acceptable.

The judge frowned down on the humorous tramp.

"At first I was disposed to give you a year and a quarter," said the former in stern tones, "but now I think I'll drop the quarter and give you a year."

The humorous tramp looked up quickly.

"Your honor, why don't you make yourself a good fellow and drop de year and give me de quarter?"—New York World.

Back to Nature.

"Agnes sat playing bridge all the afternoon with her back to a glorious mountain view."

"Yes; she is president of our Back to Nature club."—Life.

SENATOR CRANE NEW G.O.P. CHIEF

Massachusetts Man Real Leader of New Organization.

OLD LEADERS TAKE BACK SEAT

Feeling of West to Be Regarded In a More Friendly Manner as Result of New Republican Party Organization.

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 15.—The political upheaval in the Republican party which got its first public notice recently is likely to continue its rambling in Beverly for a few days to come. Senator Crane of Massachusetts, who is set down as the real leader among the new leaders of the Republican party will be here Tuesday. He will see President Taft then for the first time since he went to meet Secretary Ballinger early this month. He will have much to tell the president, not the least thing being how Mr. Ballinger is to be relieved; how Senator Aldrich was urged to reiterate his announcement that he would not run again, and last, but not least, how Uncle Joe Cannon is to be separated from the gavel of the house.

On the heels of Mr. Crane, will come Vice-President Sherman and Congressman Loudenslager, manager of the congressional campaign committee's eastern office. Mr. Sherman is a close personal friend of Mr. Cannon. Mr. Sherman when a member of the house, was a leader in the old rules committee, and was regarded as Mr. Cannon's right hand man even before Representative Payne or Dalzell. Mr. Loudenslager has been a friend of Mr. Cannon for years, and next to Representative Wm. B. McKinley, of Illinois is regarded more intimate with Uncle Joe than almost any man in public life.

Not only do the men who are attempting to frame a new political structure for the administration expect to remove Mr. Ballinger, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon, but it was said they hope to show the west, where the opposition to the administration has been strong, that from now on it shall play as big a part in national affairs as does the east. With the retirement from the senate of Mr. Aldrich, the question will arise as to who shall lead the upper house. Nobody here denies that leadership probably will remain in the east, possibly in Massachusetts, but at the same time it is prophesied that the feelings of the west will be more regarded. Secretary Norton, who is concerned in the recent moves for Republican victory, is a Chicagoan and knows the sentiment of the west. He desires that the west shall know that it is to be considered.

Lloyd C. Griscom, president of the New York county Republican committee left here Sunday. He went as far as Boston with Secretary Norton and Mrs. Norton. It is said here that Mr. Griscom continued in the secretary's company to New York. Mrs. Norton is recovering from an operation and the secretary wishes to accompany her to their country place at St. James L. I. The president, Mr. Griscom and Mr. Norton had talked the New York situation over, and in consequence Mr. Taft did not see his guest before he left. There were no new suggestions as to gubernatorial candidates, it was said.

THIS YOUNGSTER CAN SWIM

17-Year-Old Sets Marathon Record at Chicago Event.

Chicago, Aug. 15.—Seventeen-year-old Perry McGillivray of the Illinois Athletic club won the annual marathon swimming race in the record time of 39 minutes and two seconds for the distance, two miles, was held by H. J. Handy. Handy finished fourth. Will S. Merriam and K. Huszah, both of the Chicago Athletic association, finished second and third respectively.

Ninety-five contestants jumped into the water at the live-saving station at the mouth of the river when the race began. Thousands of persons watched the contest from bridges and the big warehouses which line the stream on both banks.

SHOOTS HIS WIFE'S PARENTS

Son-in-Law Attempts to Wipe Out an Entire Family.

Chicago, Aug. 15.—Mrs. Mary Dawson and Fred Dulf are dead and William Dawson is suffering from a painful wound, following Dulf's attempt to wipe out an entire family.

The shooting occurred at the Dawson home, 3427 Armour avenue. Dulf, in a fit of jealous rage following a family quarrel, shot and killed Mrs. Dawson, his mother-in-law, and inflicted a wound which the surgeons say is not serious. Dulf next fired a shot at his wife, Adde Dulf, but missedher, following which he thrust the muzzle of the revolver into his own mouth and pulled the trigger, dying instantly. All are negroes.

Flour Mill Burned.

Rochester, Ind., Aug. 15. — The Anchor flour mill burned here involving a loss of $15,000. The insurance is $3,000. The cause of the fire is unknown.

THE

Vose

PIANO

is accorded unqualified praise by every musician who has tested its qualities. It gives the maximum of satisfaction at the minimum of cost.

THEO. J. MILLER
Cor. Galena Ave. and Second St.
Dixon, Ill.

(Continued from Page 1)

be made makes the exact outcome uncertain at present. The superb talent which appeared on the program from day to day were each a feature number in themselves and an appreciative public always lauded their efforts in a fitting way. As was natural the grand concert of Mme Schumann Heink, August 6th, brought out the largest crowd of the season (nearly ten thousand for the day) but 3500 is approximately the minimum attendance at the evening programs under even the most unfavorbale conditions.

Famous Band Pleased

Although the offical ending of the Assembly was reserved for yesterday the virtual climax of the season was reached Saturday night in the concert of Ciricillo's famous Italian band which delighted and thrilled an audience exceeded in numbers by only that of Schumann-Heink. Before eight o'clock every available seat in the auditorium proper had been taken and when the program was opened a fringe of several hundred lined the outside of the immense structure making an audience of more than 5000. Nor was a single individual disappointed. Ciricillo and his juvenile artists made good in every respect and thoroughly earned every iota of the storms of applause which followed each number. The classic was pleasingly intermingled with the popular and the patriotic selections was launched at the crucial moment when the strain of enjoyment reached a point which only an American air can relieve.

Two selections after the opening of the program, Ciricillo's introduced with a sweeping bow his astute assistant in the person of ten-year old Angelo Vitale, who holds the honor of being the youngest band conductor in the world. Then the youthful genius raised his baton, whirled his long glisening hair back from his forehead and with a sweeping lunge at his musicians started the number The audience, inspired by his wonderfully executed direction, refused to await the close of the selection to applaud the young conductor and when, in the encore, he stepped upon the platform and led the band with the shrill, clear notes of his own cornet another outburst of admiration was forth-coming.

Strong Sermons Sunday

Yesterday the program was marked by three sermon-lectures, all of which proved strong discourses and attracted good sized audiences. In the morning, following the singing of "The Holy City" by Miss Ruth Benkert and a solo by Sibyl Sammis MacDermid who also appeared on the afternoon and evening programs Rev. Harlan K. Fenner, D. D., president of the General Synod of the Lutheran church in America delivered the sermon. At 2:30 Rev. S. N. Carpenter of Carthage College was introduced and spoke splendidly for an hour. In the hands of Rev. Leander S. Keyser, however, was placed the responsibility of bringing the Assembly to a fitting close. That he succeeded admirably was the universal expression of those who heard his powerful, intellectual address.

Her Place

He Takes It and Wins Musical Honors.

By T. W. WINDHAM.

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Margaret Trentham, a fair Bostonian, stood in a room in a German pension. She was speaking to a young man, like herself a musician.

"You don't realize what it means to me, Mr. Tolstoy. This is my last turn here and the concert tomorrow my only opportunity of playing publicly in the Conservatoire."

"But the circumstances are exceptional," he urged. "It happens that Professor Meyerhaus is in Leipzig recruiting violinists for his American tour, and it occurred to me that perhaps he would include me in his orchestra as solo pianist"—

"By engaging me Meyerhaus would save the huge fees demanded by musicians who have made a name, and for me"—a pause gave additional weight to his words—"it means possibly the opening of a career. I should come before the public at once and without expense instead of returning to America to drudge at teaching, because I do not possess the means to make an imposing debut."

"But you forget," she added in self vindication, "I have rehearsed with the orchestra throughout the term, and the conductor will not approve of a change at the last moment."

"I have already obtained his permission"— he began.

"Then if he is willing for you to play why does he allow the decision to rest with me?" she broke in.

The tension of a momentary silence tried him beyond endurance. Rising, he walked to the door, pausing at the threshold.

"Forgive the intrusion. Unfortunately I misled myself with the belief that you would willingly cede a chance to a professional, being yourself an amateur and independent. I can only hope that your triumph tomorrow"—he lingered on the word in conscious irony—"will atone for the vexation of my visit."

A large cosmopolitan audience filled the Conservatoire hall for the final concert of the season.

An attendant opened the piano in readiness for the concerto as the pianist came forward, escorted by the master under whom she had studied.

She seated herself at the instrument, and a little ripple of applause broke from the balcony. Glancing upward in shy acknowledgment, she met the steadfast gaze of a man seated immediately facing her, who vouchsafed but the merest glance of recognition and resumed the study of a music score lying on his knees.

The players lowered their bow hands for several bars' rest. In the lull preceding the excerpt for the solo instrument the sound of a sharp indrawn breath struck downward through the silence.

The baton beat on steadily—three—four—

"One!"

No answering chord from the pianist. The conductor glared at her aghast, the orchestra in undisguised surprise. She started slightly, and the color flamed into her cheeks.

The baton swooped down again.

"One, fraulein!" The conductor leaned forward, half frantic. "Have you forgotten?" he hissed.

A soft, level voice prompted suddenly from the balcony, "The allegro movement, key A flat minor, extended chord."

She glanced swiftly forward with a little impulsive gesture and rose in her seat, faced the conductor, flashed a glance of swift defiance and passed with head erect through rows of thunderstruck musicians to the platform exit.

Bewildered comments were exchanged throughout the hall, and the notability in the stalls adjusted its spectacles rather irritably and awaited developments.

"These Americans! These Americans!" chafed the conductor, beside himself with rage; then he hurled an order at the doorkeeper, pointing to the balcony.

"Herr Tolstoy! Fetch him immediately!"

The man at the end had already disappeared, and in the passage connecting the platform with the cloakrooms he encountered the retiring pianist.

"Quick!" she whispered. "The conductor called for you."

His face glowed with trembling, exultant gratitude. He seized her hand and started backward conscience stricken as a tear fell glistening on her sleeve.

She rushed past him disconcerted, paced the step or two down the passage and turned abruptly to avenge her momentary loss of self control in an outbreak of reproach.

"Why don't you go? My failure gives you your opportunity. Pray don't hesitate to avail yourself."

"I'm sorry, so sorry"— he began.

"Do go!" she reiterated less harshly. "They will continue the program. It will be too late in another moment."

Though his hope of the future depended on that moment, he still stood irresolute, gazing in sheer fascination at the tear stained, imperious face.

"Do go! Do please go! It won't have been any good if you don't, and I shall never forgive myself"—

"Herr Tolstoy!"

The stentorian voice of the doorkeeper rang down the passage, and she darted through a doorway.

Her companion followed, stopped a second, and his lips seared her cheeks.

In the next the platform door closed behind him.

An echo reached her of the allegro—rippling, lightening, swirling across the keys, subdued at intervals to the tumult of orchestral accompaniment, then ringing again, triumphant, quivering at the last with the rapt, exalted passion of a love song, followed by the silence that is greater than applause.

The pianist himself broke the spell, rising from his seat. The hall shook with a burst of enthusiasm. He passed unheeded through the platform exit.

The white haired notability removed his glasses with a sigh of satisfied enjoyment and turned to his colleague, his rugged Teutonic features softening into a smile.

"Your American young ladies—do they often take stage fright? But her compatriot! He is magnificent! To play that most difficult concerto without notes, without rehearsal—touch, technique perfect! Consider also his youth"—

The director broke in with adroit explanation and suggestion. The professor beamed with delighted recollection.

"It is the same, then, who offered his services? You are right, my friend, that I should change my mind, that the world should hear of him. He shall go with me on tour."

Twilight in the park, the sharp, gray twilight of late autumn. A smart electric runabout, with a lady at the lever and a chauffeur at her side, joined the stream of vehicles entering the park at the Plaza. Her features were only partially visible through her automobile veil, but an involuntary exclamation broke from a man pacing aimlessly along the walk.

"Miss Trentham!"

"Mr. Tolstoy!"

With the answering cry of recognition she drew up close to the walk, heedless of the rules of the road.

Half hesitating, Tolstoy went forward.

"So you are back in America, Mr. Tolstoy?"

"Yes." He muttered the monosyllable without raising his eyes.

"And I see from the papers that your European tour was a great success."

He blurted out a second affirmative.

For the moment she was slightly nonplused; then with infinite tact she once more took the initiative.

"You are soon appearing in New York?"

"Tomorrow at Carnegie hall," he replied shortly.

Boardmen were parading Broadway with notices of the professor's concert. It humbled him that she had not noticed the large type at the foot of the boards—"Solo pianoforte, Mr. Alfred Tolstoy."

"A matinee?"

He nodded stiffly.

"Of course I shall go. It will be a great pleasure to me to be present at your debut," she continued.

"It happens to be the last concert of the series," he said icily.

"I had no idea," she began in a tone of eager explanation. "But, then, I have been traveling abroad a good deal with my parents since I saw you last. We only returned from Switzerland a couple of days ago."

The fact accounted for her apparent indifference, and his expression softened, but he stared moodily before him to avoid her eyes, and the handsome turnout in which she was seated with her liveried chauffeur somehow forced on him a sense of social disparity. When she spoke again her voice had a shy, hesitating ring.

"I need scarcely ask if you are successful?"

He produced a memorandum and read out some details—no trace of pleasure or enthusiasm in his tone, only a cynical sort of triumph in the sense of achievement.

"Tomorrow is my final appearance in New York with Professor Meyerhaus for the present. I am booked subsequently for various musical receptions; also the principal concert agents have made me very flattering offers."

"Shall I congratulate you?" she asked slowly.

"If you had congratulated me that night at the Conservatoire," he broke out resentfully, "and given me the opportunity to thank you"—

"You could not expect me to wait, to face every one after my failure. Besides"—she turned away her eyes to hide a sudden confusion—"you—you had already thanked me."

"It was not only to thank you— He was confused now, struggling with an increasing desire to make his hopeless avowal.

"I owe my subsequent success to you," he continued pedantically.

"No, indeed!" she broke in eagerly. "But—I am glad—more than I can say—that you have realized your ambition."

"I suppose I have."

His tone gave the lie to the acknowledgment.

He had fallen so pitifully short of realization. Could she but know!

Despair overwhelmed the remnant of his pride and self control. He raised his eyes, aflame with his secret.

"I am still striving," he said haltingly, "for the unattainable."

She darted a questioning glance. The grim white face strained toward her through the dusk, and conviction flashed swift upon her.

She bent impulsively, with a radiant, triumphant smile. Her voice swayed with a little tremor of delight.

"I think I understand. But you are mistaken. For all you know the unattainable may be within reach."

WIRELESS OPEARATOR LLEWELLYN JONES PLAYED BIG PART IN THE CAPTURE OF DR. CRIPPEN AND MISS LE NEVE

Photo © by American Press Association.

PIRATE SHIP IS SOUGHT

Obtained Permit to Fish; Robs Small Beats of Cargoes.

Mexican War Vessel Dispatched to Overhaul Alleged Robbing Craft Known at Battico.

Mexico City, Aug. 15.—A pirate ship is preying upon the merchant vessels in the waters of the Pacific along the upper coast of Mexico, according to advices received by the department of war and marine. A war vessel has been dispatched to overhaul the alleged robbing craft, which is known as the Baltico, Babio Charles, commander.

Two Americans, James Carl and Henry Brown, who were captured in a small boat by the Baltico near La Paz, were later set on shore in lower California and have just been landed at Mazatlan by the steamer Herrerias.

In the complaint to the government it is alleged that the commander of the Baltico obtained permission of the authorities to take along the coast, but instead of doing so, he overhauled all the little boats he saw on his cruise and took all their cargoes. The goods thus stolen were sold at the small points of San Geronimo, San Quentin and others.

17 HOUSES ARE BURNED

Old Forge, Pa., Suffers From a Disastrous Conflagration.

Jewish Synagogue Destroyed and Total Loss Is Placed at $20,000 —Charles Jacobs Buried.

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 15.—Seventeen houses were destroyed or partly burned in a fire in Old Forge, seven miles from this city. Flames broke Schefchiek, and before they were subdued six dwellings that he owned were burned. Peter Burke owned two others that were burned, Joseph Bella three, John Pauli three, William Newman two and John Mier one.

The synagogue in the borough was totally destroyed. All the buildings were small, and used as residences by the foreign element employed about the mines. The total loss is about $20,000. Chas. Jacobs was badly burned while seeking to take the books from the synagogue.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DEAD

Heroine of the Crimean War and Founder of Field Hospitals Dies.

London, Aug. 15.—Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean war, and the founder of the modern system of army field hospitals, died here in her 91st year year.

She was never married, having devoted her life to the cause of saving life and diminishing suffering in times of war and pestilence and to the general improvement of hospital service at all times and everywhere.

30 KILLED IN RAIL ACCIDENT

Wreck Caused By Collision of Freight and Excursion Trains.

Bordeaux, Aug. 15.—In a railway accident at Saujon, thirty persons were killed and 35 injured. The wreck was caused by a collision between a freight and an excursion train.

President Fallieres has asked the Swiss government that they cancel all plans for fetes in his honor owing to the railway accident at Saujon today.

BISHOP SCHAALE IS HONORED

Special Envoy of King Gustav V Delivers Sermon in Brooklyn.

New York, Aug. 15.—Lord Bishop Schaale, who came from Sweden as spelal envoy from King Gustav V to the recent centennial celebration of the Swedish Lutheran church at Rock Island, Ill., spent Sunday in Brooklyn.

He delivered the sermon at the special ceremonius school at the Swedish Lutheran Bethlehem church. In the evening there was a great gathering at the church of the Scandinavian citizens of New York to greet him.

5,000,000 BAD EGGS SEIZED

Food Law Inspectors Condemn Great Number—Many In Storage Houses.

New York, Aug. 15.—More than 5,000,000 eggs are annually retired from circulation by the pure food law inspectors in New York city, according to a report made public today.

Most of the condemned eggs are of the desiccated variety. The quota for August was augmented Friday by a seizure of 25,000 dozen at a downtown warehouse.

UNEARTH POISON PLOT

Mme. Berton Sought Life of Her Daughter-In-Law, Is Rumor.

Soup Served to Mme. Claude Berton, Fed to Dog Caused the Animal to Take very Sick.

Paris, Aug. 15.—The police have searched the residence of Pierre Berton, author of "Seaz" at Paimbosuf. This move was made in connection with an alleged attempt at poisoning which is the sensation in Paris. The servants insist that they often saw a white powder on plates served by the elder Mme. Berton to her daughter-in-law. Once she gave her some soup which was left untouched, and when it was fed to a dog the animal became violently sick. The servants informed the family doctor who, in turn, told the younger woman.

She left the house on August 2 during the absence of her mother-in-law. This gave rise to much local gossip, as a result of which the servants were discharged. They wrote to the police. Claude ,who was in Paris at the time, hastened to his father's country home and compelled his wife to return. She confirmed the whole story as it was told to the police.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE

Latest observations of the United States weather bureau taken at Washington:

	Temp.	Weather.
New York	75	Cloudy
Albany	78	Clear
Atlantic City	74	Rain
Boston	76	Clear
Buffalo	78	Cloudy
Chicago	72	Cloudy
New Orleans	82	Part Cloudy
St. Louis	84	Clear
Washington	76	Cloudy
Philadelphia	76	Cloudy

Weather Forecast

Illinois and Indiana—Fair today, showers tomorrow, light veriable winds

Dew's Aid Arrives.

Quebec, Aug. 15.—Sergeant Mitchell, of Scotland Yard and the two wardesses from Holloway jail, arrived here to help Inspector Dew take Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen and Ethel Le Neve back to London to be tried on the charge of killing Belle Elmore.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

Captain Bunn

He Made a Change In the Name of His Boat.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Captain Benjamin Bunn scrubbed down the deck of the Lovely Eva, opened the cabin windows wide to the fresh breeze blowing across the bay, hustled the coffeepot on to the little stove in the spotless galley, planted the frying pan beside it and then went and sat on the bowsprit and waited for the baker's boy to bring the breakfast rolls.

The Lovely Eva lay in wooden cradles just above high water mark. Salt grass and the white sandy beach formed her garden plot. Beach plum trees, pungent bayberry bushes and, in season, the tall pink marshmallow clustered about her black hull.

Above deck all was shipshape. In summer comfortable chairs and a table under a sail awning made an open air lounging place for Captain Bunn and his associates. In winter they gathered about a glowing stove in the cozy cabin.

While the coffee frothed in the pot and the bacon sizzled crisply in the pan in the galley, wheels crunched down the beach road, and the baker's wagon rolled down on the sand, turned and went helter skelter back again under the bow of the Lovely Eva.

Several hours passed in this congenial labor, while the sun mounted higher and the beach became a blazing white stretch. A woman stepped slowly along the sand holding her lilac print skirts primly above her neat shoe tops. She wore a wide lilac sunbonnet, and her bright brown hair and fresh, youthfully pretty face were framed in it like a pleasant picture. Her brown eyes changed expression as she came upon the busy captain in the lee of the sailboat.

"Howdy—howdy, Miss Willie?" chirruped the captain delightedly. "Tell me how she looks—fine as silk, eh?"

"It looks beautiful, captain," said Miss Willie Deems critically. "It shines like a frosted cake. What have you named her?"

"Nothing—as yet," returned the captain uneasily.

"What are you going to name her?" insisted Miss Willie.

"I haven't thought of a name. I've been trying to think of something pretty."

"I must say I'm interested in what you're going to call your new boat," said Miss Willie. The captain's blue eyes met hers in puzzled inquiry. "I dare say—I dare say!" he murmured, looking away from the lilac sunbonnet. "I never was good at naming a boat, Miss Willie!"

Miss Willie turned slightly and surveyed the nautical home of Captain Bunn with a quizzical eye that lingered on the name painted in small gilt letters under the bow. "So long as you've named the sloop after Eva Raymond you ought to name the sailboat after somebody else." Her gaze came back to the captain's reddening face.

The color spread under the gray whiskers, mounted to his forehead and disappeared under the peak of his white duck cap. He removed his pipe and waved it fiercely in the air, his eyes blazing ominously.

"Eva Raymond!" he snorted. "Who said I'd named the sloop after her?"

"She said so," returned Miss Willie complacently, "and Evangeline Cook says it was named after her, and Evalina Taylor says it was named for her; they all three fit it out five years ago at the missionary society, and they're not through talking about the mean things that was passed to and fro to this very day. They hate each other like poison, all on account of the naming of that sloop!"

"That sloop's been named Lovely Eva for the last ten years."

"But what you going to name the new boat?" asked Miss Willie sweetly.

Captain Bunn tramped through the sand until he stood beside Miss Willie. "I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, Miss Willie. I thought maybe I could say it better out on the bay with a good stiff breeze filling the sails and the water running under the keel of the new boat. I've thought of a name for the boat, but I wanted you to suggest it." He was looking very red and uncomfortable indeed, but his square shoulders were set youthfully erect, and his handsome face was deadly in earnest.

Miss Willie saw all this through her long eyelashes, and her voice was a little shaky as she replied: "Seeing as the big boat is called Lovely Eva, why don't you name the new one Beautiful Eva? And the skiff you can call Little Eva. Then the whole three would be satisfied. That's my suggestion."

The captain stared dazedly. "Then you believe I named the big boat after one of them women?" he demanded.

"I haven't thought much about it," lied Miss Willie carelessly. "They're your boats. Name 'em to suit yourself."

"All right, Miss Willie. Then I shall call the new boat Wilhelmina after you, because, you know, Miss Willie, I was going to ask you to—marry me and come and live here with me forever!" The captain's bold hand rested on Miss Willie's slender shoulder with a caressing touch.

Her face grew pink and then paled wistfully. What a refuge the quaint home on the beach would be to her, the village dressmaker, whose days were spent in going from house to house and whose ears were wearied with much gossip and whose eyes were tired of flashing needles and the whir of the sewing machine! What a blissfully happy existence would be hers in the snug shelter of the sloop, with its perfect arrangements for housekeeping, the indulgent captain for a husband! And—here Miss Willie's head drooped—there was nobody quite so lovable as Captain Benjamin Bunn! That was Miss Willie's carefully guarded secret, that and her jealousy of the three Evas of Little River village. Her face grew quite pale again as she shook off Captain Bunn's hand.

"I couldn't live in a house or a boat that was named after another woman. You can see how they'd all talk, especially if they didn't marry you themselves," she said resolutely.

"Marry me themselves!" roared the captain. "You don't mean them three women wanted to marry me?"

Miss Willie nodded proudly. "Every one of 'em has laid claim to you ever since you sailed into harbor with 'Lovely Eva' painted on the sloop."

"She had that name when I bought her down to Rockport. What can I do? It's bad luck to change a boat's name," said the captain helplessly.

"Perhaps you'll think it good luck not to change it," retorted Miss Willie stiffly, once more turning away. And this time Captain Bunn did not detain her.

He watched her with grave blue eyes from which all the happiness had fled until her lilac skirts had fluttered around a pile of great bowlders, and then, with a long sigh, he picked up his painting materials and trudged up to the sloop.

The result of a long meditation was visible the next morning when Captain Bunn rigged a small scaffolding and swung himself to a seat under the bow of the Lovely Eva. Cheerfuly he worked, and he sang lustily the chorus of "Ben Bowline." It was a short job, but one requiring delicacy and skill. When it was finished he performed a similar operation on the port bow and then hurried to the stern, where he stood on a barrel and carefully repainted the worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

Then he flew down to the sailboat and with loving care lettered the name of "Wilhelmina B." on stem and stern. He had long finished his work and was fresh and clean in a suit of white drill when a man came along the beach from Little Village. He was the editor of the weekly newspaper.

"Good morning, captain," he hailed cheerily. "I received your message about the new boat, so I've come down to have a look at her. A beauty, isn't she?" He stood still and examined the boat with a critical eye.

"I think she's pretty fine, Mr. Brown. I'll take you out tomorrow. Perhaps we can get a few blues outside, eh?" The captain beamed happily. Everything would be well now, and in the distance he could see Miss Willie Deems picking her way down the beach toward him.

"Makes the old sloop look some shabby," he remarked, calling attention to the boat on the sand above them.

Mr. Brown turned and looked at the sloop. He squinted long at her and then went up closer. "What's the matter with her name, captain? I thought"— He turned a puzzled look on the captain, who was watching him with twinkling eyes.

"What is the matter with her name?" repeated Captain Bunn innocently.

"Why, I thought her name was Lovely Eva, but, by George, it's Lonely Eva!"

The captain laughed. "It's always been Lonely Eva—queer name, isn't it?—but somehow the first stroke of the 'n' wore off and left a 'v.' It's never been painted back again till awhile ago. You see, that's her real name."

"Now that is quite a joke," mused Mr. Brown, with eyes mirthfully reminiscent of two spinsters and an ambitious widow who laid claim to the name of Eva. "I wonder if you'd object to my writing that up for the paper. I never heard the sloop called anything except Lovely, although I guess it's been mighty lonely sometimes." He laughed at his own joke.

"Write her up; write her up!" agreed the captain heartily, with a wave of his hand to the departing editor.

He saw Mr. Brown greet Miss Willie with great deference, and then he stood quietly waiting until she reached his side.

"I expect I'm acting like a fool over the name of that boat," she began hurriedly, when Captain Bunn's pointing finger brought her to an abrupt pause.

"Do you think any woman 'll ever lay claim to having that sloop named after her, Willie? Any woman in Little River going to acknowledge her name to be Lonely Eva? Not on your life!"

Miss Willie saw and blushed and then laughed merrily. Then her face sobered. "I suppose it might seem an awful mean thing if you had ever been—had ever shown them any attention," she hesitated.

"I never did," asserted the captain stoutly. "Why, Willie, I never even called to see one of 'em. It lets everybody out of it very neatly, I think. And now how do you like the name of the new boat?" He turned her about, and she looked at it in silence for a few moments.

Then happy tears filled her eyes. "Why—why have you named her Wilhelmina B., captain?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"It means Wilhelmina Bunn. That's to be your name after this, eh, dear?"

In the shadow of the Lonely Eva Captain Bunn leaned over and kissed Miss Willie on the lips.

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LOST.

Lost. A stick pin with pearl slug setting. Finder return to this office. A. Goodman. 89 3

Lost. Bunch of keys with chain attached. Please leave at Telegraph office. 88 3*

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RY.

Correct time of all passenger trains leaving Dixon:

East Bound to Chicago.

No.	Lv. Dixon	Ar. Chicago
6	3:25 a. m. daily	6:45 a. m.
16	4:43 a. m. daily	7:20 a. m.
10	5:47 a. m. daily	8:35 a. m.
24	6:33 a. m. daily	9:20 a. m.
20	11:22 a. m. ex. Sun.	2:35 p. m
*18	7:21 a. m. daily	10:15 a. m.
14	4:04 p. m. daily	7:25 p. m.
4	6:06 p. m. daily	8:50 p. m
28	4:15 p. m. Sun.	7:25 p. m.
8	8:33 a. m. daily	11:20 a. m.

Passenger to Peoria

10 daily ex. Sun. Lv. Dixon 7:45 a.m

West Bound From Chicago

No.	Lv. Chicago	Ar. Dixon
3	10:45 p. m. daily	1:52 a. m
27	7:40 a. m. Sun. only	10:52 a.m.
13	7:00 a. m. ex. Sun.	10:14 a. m.
5	10:00 a. m.	12:33 p. m.
19	12:30 p. m. ex. Sun.	3:48 p. m.
17	4:35 m. daily	7:29 p. m
21	6:05 p. m. daily	8:40 p. m.
25	7:10 p. m. daily	9:52 p. m.
7	10:17 p. m. daily	12:51 a. m

No 11 goes through at 8:31 p. m. Will stop at Dixon for Colorado passengers only.

No. 1 goes through at 9:31 p. m. Stops only for Ogden, Utah, or beyond passengers.

*Sterling Passenger.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Correct time of all trains leaving Dixon that carry passengers passenger and freight

South Bound

No. 123 Express 10:30 a. m. daily
No. 131 Clinton Ex. 5 p. m. D ex S.
Sou Express 10:30 a. m. daily
Clinton Express 5:00 p. m. D ex. Sun
Clinton Pass. 7:20 p. m. Sun. only
Amboy Freight 9:50 a. m. D. ex. Sun

North Bound

Ft. Dodge Ex 9:50 a. m. D. ex Sun
Local Mail 5:22 p. m. Daily
Freeport Pass. 10:54 a. m. Sun. only
Freeport Fr't 12:30 p. m. D ex Sun
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13 33 53	Galena & Fellows	27 47 7
17 37 57	Galena & First	23 43 3
20 40 60	Office	20 40 60
30 50 10	Depots	10 30 50

Figures denote min. past the hour
From 6:20 a. m. until 11 p. m.
Sunday, first car at 7 a. m.

INTERURBAN SERVICE

Cars leave both Dixon and Sterling every hour.

First car leaves at 5:50 a. m. and five (5) minutes past each hour thereafter until 11 p. m.

Local cars leave the office every twenty (20) minutes.

DOWN PANAMA WAY.

By Louise J. Strong.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

Retta in the rose arbor was reaching for a bud above her head when her cousins, Charlie and Alf, came out the side door and stood drawing on their gloves.

"Don't get reckless, old man," Charlie counseled as if continuing a conversation. "Retta means all right. She's a little flighty; that's all."

"That's what I used to think," Alf returned gloomily, "but I'm convinced now that she really shrinks from a marriage with me. I suppose she doesn't love me as she thought she did when we became engaged."

Charlie shook his head. "Oh, no, Alf, you're mistaken. She's wrapped up in you."

"Looks like it." Alf laughed sarcastically. "This is the third time she's backed out, declaring she was not ready when the day loomed close. I haven't wanted to hurry her. I know a girl gives up a good deal when she marries. But a fellow with nobody and never a home to remember naturally thinks considerably of having a home of his own, especially with a little wife that's just"— He broke off for an instant, then went on: "I'm able to provide for her in the style she is accustomed to or I would not have asked her

"I AM GLAD TO MEET YOU."

to marry me. And if we are ever to be married there's no use in waiting longer. If she's found that she cares for some"—

"None of that, Alf!" Charlie interrupted. "Retta flirts a little, but that's all. Have you told her how seriously you regard the postponement?"

"No, and I'm not going to either," Alf declared sulkily.

"Some one should. She"—

"Some one shouldn't and shan't!" Alf said fiercely. "No girl is going to be coerced into marrying me. I suppose if I howled around and raised a great racket she would give in, but we'll never be married until she's perfectly willing without outside pressure. I'll get out of the way for awhile and let her have a chance to find herself, won't even write to her. I've influenced her too much, maybe."

Charlie still shook his head, but offered no further remonstrance, merely asking, "In what direction are you going to perambulate and when?"

"Oh, down Panama way and as soon as I can fix my business to leave it, and that won't take many days."

Charlie whistled. "Not going in for an engineering job in that sickly hole, I hope."

"I may find a job when I get there, but I'm going foot loose. I've always been interested in the big ditch scheme. It'll be a diversion to examine it at close range."

"And Retta"— Charlie began.

"I'll tell Retta and leave her free to find herself, as I said. And I don't want any one to interfere—to say one word to influence"—

They passed around the corner of the house on the way to the gate, and Retta sank limply upon a bench. She had been too startled to move at first and then perceived the impossibility of revealing her presence. It was eaves dropping, but she was not thinking of that or of the errand to Aunt Anna that had brought her across lots through the rose arbor. The "finding" of herself had come with a suddenness that shook her breathless as she listened. She had not realized before how much her happiness depended upon Alf and Alf's faithful love or how very dearly she loved him.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed tenderly, wiping her eyes. "Poor fellow—how selfish I've been when I knew he never had a home and how he is looking forward to one of his own! He's such a home body, and I've been cheating him—keeping him in lodgings when he hates it so—and—and when I want—yes, I do—only I'm such a flyaway! I do want to make the dear boy a home. And he's going off to—to— Where? Panama way? A sickly hole, Charlie called it. Oh, he mustn't! He mustn't!"

She fled home, into the library, and began a search for information concerning Panama way, a search that was somewhat hindered by her linking the two words. But by the aid of the encyclopedia, the physical geography and magazine articles she soon acquired more knowledge of the country than her erstwhile boarding school teacher would have deemed possible, for Retta's strong point was not learning. She was just a sweet little girl, womanly and tender, with a careless shrinking from responsibility, engendered by her entire freedom from such. But now her heart was aroused, and she was aghast with horror at the idea of Alf, her own Alf, going down Panama way to endure all sorts of torments and dangers and finally die of the dreadful fevers! He should not! He should not! She would prevent it somehow, and it must be done at once, for he would be making arrangements to leave his business, even this minute, perhaps!

She rushed away to consult her mother, but that good lady, being deeply engrossed in some charitable function, was out indefinitely, and Retta, feeling no time could be wasted, determined to act for herself. Perhaps if she had had the advice of an older head she would have been less precipitate and irrevocable in her actions.

"I'm mowing a clean swath, burning my ships behind me," she commented confusedly, in the middle of a tempestuously busy afternoon in which she did some very unconventional things.

"I suppose it does look curious to them; I suppose the bride to be's mother is usually to the fore and the b. to b. hangs back in blushing confusion, but I can't wait on mamma when Alf's getting ready this very minute for Panama way. I've got to fix it so there's no getting out of it and leave me a rag of—and I don't care much if they do stare—and I guess I'm sure of dear old Alf!"

Yet she was a bit anxious as she waited in a convenient spot for waylaying him as he left his office. If—if Alf were bent and determined on Panama way, she would be in a pretty predicament! She whipped around the corner, apparently oblivious of him until she almost collided with him. Then her heart sank at his grave and formal apology. He had been more deeply hurt and offended than he had shown the evening before when she had insisted on a further postponement, but she must—she caught her breath as he said coldly:

"I am glad to meet you. It will save my coming up this evening to tell you"—

"And I'm glad to meet you," she broke in, laughing nervously. "I want to tell you that I've—I've changed my mind, Alf."

"Changed your mind?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes, about—about"—it was harder than she had imagined with his cold, unresponsive eyes upon her; what if he should—she quaked, but plunged on—"about our wedding—and we won't postpone it, after all."

He flushed angrily as he replied, "You were not asked to change your mind—nor the arrangements you made last evening."

"You mean that you don't want to—that you won't now," she cried, with wide eyes.

"I mean that you are not to be compelled, influenced. When did you see Charlie?" And between his teeth he muttered savagely, "Just wait till I see him!"

"I haven't seen Charlie to speak to since yesterday morning!" she declared and burst into a bewildering torrent of explanation and tears. "Oh, if you won't, Alf; if you've changed your mind and don't want me now, when I've found out how much I want you—if you won't—I'll have to run away! For, oh, Alf, I went alone and bought the dress—and took it to madame's and was measured—and I've ordered all the invitations—and engaged the caterer—and the flowers, all—just as we planned—because I wanted to show you how much I care." Sobs that she struggled to repress choked her.

"And you haven't seen Charlie—no one has influenced you?" he demanded incredulously.

"No one has said a word to me about it! I—I found out how much I really cared, and I couldn't get ready fast enough, though mamma was away, and I had to do it alone," she panted impetuously.

He melted entirely. "You dear little whirlwind! You have smashed the proprieties!" he breathed softly and proudly. "I wish"—he glanced about furtively; no, it was too public! "Anyway we can have an hour at the store selecting our furniture."

And, tucking her hand under his arm, they wandered away down the "primrose path," the journey down Panama way entirely and forever forgotten.

A Memorable Date.

"What member of the class can mention one memorable date in Roman history?" the teacher asked.

"Antony's with Cleopatra," ventured one of the boys.—Everybody's.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson.

The Way of It.

Knicker—Life is an irony.

Bocker—Yes. By the time you have the money for a grand stand seat your home team no longer wins.—New York Sun.

We make our fortunes; we call them fate.—Alroy.

He'll Hear It Later On.

Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, my darling. Fair One—Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy.—Jewish Ledger.

The truth is always the strongest argument. Sophocles.

A DEADLY REPTILE

The Fer-de-lance the Most Venomous of All Serpents.

ITS STING A DEATH WARRANT

Little Chance For a Victim of the Fangs of This Terror of the Island of Martinique—The Cat and the Mongoose Its Most Formidable Enemies.

Every one is perfectly well aware that there exists a large number of venomous serpents—we have many of them right here in the United States; the rattler, for example—but probably no other spot in the known world has such a death dealing reptile as has the French island of Martinique, nestling in the limpid blue waters of the Caribbean sea. It is the fer-de-lance, scientifically known as Trigoncephalus lanceiatus, that can beyond the shadow of a doubt lay claim to being the most deadly serpent of the earth. Its sting means almost certain death.

There are eight distinct varieties, the most common being a dark gray and black speckled, which coloring enables it to conceal itself easily among roots and stumps of trees. Another variety is a clear, bright yellow, and when hidden in the freshly cut cane it can hardly be distinguished from the stalks. It may also be a dark yellow or coal black with a yellow belly.

It is not a large snake, rarely exceeding five feet in length and in circumference approximately the size of a child's arm. To repeat, the sting means almost certain death, and should not the service of a physician, or "panseur," as the natives call him, be obtained within a very short time the venom does its deadly work—the flesh grows cold, softens, becomes pulpy, changes in color, quickly begins to spot, and a great chilliness creeps through the blood. This lasts only a few minutes—possibly half an hour—then death.

If the victim is fortunate enough to get a physician upon the scene postmaste and no artery or vein has been pierced there is hope—just a faint hope—but even if life is saved the danger is not entirely removed, for in many cases necrosis of the tissues follows. The flesh corrupts and falls from the bones, and the body molders as does a tree.

There is, however, a heroic method of treatment often brought into use by the Martiniquans. It is the immediate amputation of the leg or arm if the sting happens to be in either. Even this has to be done at once and before the venom circulates through the system. There are to be seen today upon the island many natives with limbs missing, and in the majority of cases it is the result of having the machete, or cane knife, applied after an experience with a fer-de-lance.

The fer-de-lance is a fighter—and no mistake about it—aggressive and pugnacious, and domestic animals, with the cat as the one exception, stand a very poor show in a battle. Pussy, in about nine cases out of ten, will come out of the scrap with colors flying because of the fact that it is apparently quite as quick in movement and at the same time uses what may be termed ring generalship.

There is but one animal other than the cat that successfully wages war upon the fer-de-lance. It is the mongoose (ichneumon), imported from India a number of years ago for the sole purpose of getting rid of the snakes.

Of the weasel family and looking very much like it, this little animal is absolutely fearless so far as snakes are concerned and will just as readily tackle one five feet in length as one a foot long. From the mongoose the fer-de-lance will flee, but if cornered will put up a great fight, using every trick at its command—a useless sort of contest, however, for within a short time it will be stretched out lifeless.

A battle between these two natural enemies is well worth witnessing. It is never a "limited" fight, but to a finish always, and probably the snakes by this time have come to understand that when they enter such a combat it is with the odds greatly against them.

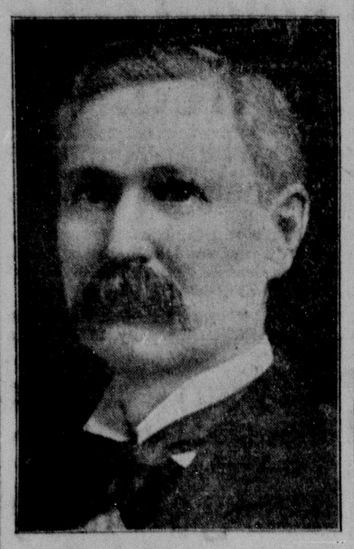
The mongoose is quite as clever a ring general as the cat and uses that gift to advantage. Strategy more than strength is its asset.

When they meet, and if the snake sees no avenue of escape, it prepares for battle, as does the mongoose, but in a more leisurely manner. It takes about one minute for them to get fully prepared. There is no shaking hands, so to speak, as by prizefighters.

The mongoose circles about the reptile, always at a safe distance and "drawing fire," inviting it by moving closer and closer to dart out its head and then quickly jumping out of harm's way. It torments in every possible manner, causing the snake to change position time and time again, tiring it by forcing a strike again and again without ever reaching the objective point. At last, seeing its opponent at some particular disadvantage, the mongoose springs forward quick as a bolt of lightning, catches it firmly with the teeth behind the triangular head—a shake, possibly two, no more—and in less time than it takes to tell it the fer-de-lance is dead, its vertebrae severed.—New York Times.

The gods have attached almost as many misfortunes to liberty as to servitude.—Montesquieu.

JOHN H. GRAY
Morrison, Illinois.



REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR
STATE SENATOR
35th DISTRICT,
Subject to the Primaries Sept. 15, 1910.
Your Support is Respectfully Solicited.
X JOHN H. GRAY

SIZE AND QAULITY

of the coal we put in your bins vary only as to size—the quality is the same every time. Egg, stove or nut, the coal we handle is the best we can buy of Hard and Soft Coal and Milwaukee Solvay Coke. : :

Thos. Young,
South End of Bridge—Home Phone 110

E. W. SMITH
Represents 18 of the largest and most reliable FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES doing business in Illinois
Office Rooms 1,,2 3; Brown Bl

Watch it Grow

Advertising is the fertilizer of all business soil. Its work is magic. Thin, weakened trade becomes a thing of power when its roots feel the healthy sunlight of publicity.
YOUR AD. IN OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL PROVE IT.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. N. U.)

Prosperity $ is Knocking

Let the good Dame Fortune enter your business through the advertising door.

When you keep your business a secret you are locking Mme. Fortune out.

See us to-day about our ad. rates.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. N. U.)

By a "want ad CAMPAIGN" is meant PERSISTENCY in repeating your ad until you have gotten your results. That doesn't always mean MANY INSERTIONS or MUCH DELAY.

WHEN HER BACK ACHES

A Woman Finds All Her Energy and Ambition Slipping Away.

Dixon women know how the aches and pains that come when the kidneys fail make life a burden. Back ache, hip pains, headaches, dizzy spells, distressing urinary troubles all tell of sick kidneys and warn you of the stealthy apporach of diabetes dropsy and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cure all these disorders. Here's proof of it in a Dixon woman's words:

Mrs. George Engel, 84 Lincoln Ave., Dixon, Ill., says: "Although my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills has not been extensive, I am very glad to recommend them. Several of my relatives had taken Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit and when I began to suffer from backache and other symptoms of kidney complaint, I at once procured this remedy at the Leake Bros. Co.'s Drug Store. I received relief from the first and consequently feel justified in advertising other kidney sufferers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial." (Statement given April 15, 1909)

A Willing Corroboration

Mrs. Engel was interviewed on January 5, 1910 and she said: "I gladly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. You may continue to use my name as a reference, for I am glad to make known what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me."

For Sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New Yqrk, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Republican Representative for the 35th District in the Illinois Legislature and will appreciate the support of the voters.
ARTHUR G. HARRIS,
dwtf

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Republican Representative for the 35th District in the Illinois Legislature and will appreciate the support of the voters.
A. A. BJELLAND.

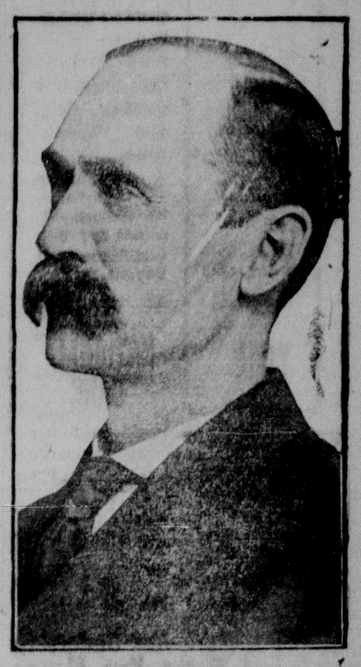
FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of representative from the 35th senatorial district of Illinois, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries.
A. T. Tourtillott, Dixon, Ill.

FOR SENATOR.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Senator for the 35th District in the Illinois Legislature and will appreciate the support of the voters.
J. H. GRAY,
Morrison, Ill.

A. T. TOURTILLOTT
Dixon, Illinois.



Candidate for the Republican nomination for State Representative. My name will be first in the list of candidates for representatives.

For Representative
X A. T. TOURTILLOT
My platform—"A Square Deal to Everybody"

Special Sale

OF

Rex and Flowering Begonias

While They Last 25 cts.

Gloxinias in bloom, fine Boston and Whitmani Ferns at Special Prices.

The Dixon Flower Shop
106 First Street. Phone 107

C. H. FALLSTROM, Prop.
Everything in FLOWERS and PLANTS

Your Trade Invited.

See where your leading neighbor trades.

We sell Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Teas Lipton's Teas Blue Label Canned Goods, Heinz & Cross & Blackwell goods, Marvel and Gilt Edge Flour.

Everything in Fresh Fruit and Vegetables daily. Four deliveries daily, 18 clerks on duty.

Why isn't our store the place to trade.

Downing's Grocery

108-114 E. First St., Dixon, Ill.

You Will Find

our store

ALWAYS FILLED

with the best goods.

Earll Grocery Co.

Bracelets

AND

Rings

The vogue in bracelets and rings finds its highest expression in the designs that fill our cases.

The popularity of this store on all jewelry is on account of the variety of patterns carried in stock —from which selection is easily made to suit the taste of each individual, at prices uniformly low.

W. E. Frein JEWELRY CO.

201 First St.
DIXON. ILL.

NEW FAMILY THEATRE
PEORIA AVENUE

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
August 15th, 16th, and 17th.

The Near-Man
The Famous and Original
CONSUL
The Monkey that Does Everything but Talk.

Eugenie Ray
The Sparkling Singer and Dancer, for the First Three Days of This Week—And

Al. H. Wilde
Comedian and Yodler—That Funny Fat Fellow—for the Last Three Days of This Week.

2 REELS OF GOOD PICTURES

Admission 20 Cents
To All Over Ten Years of Age.
Ten Cents for Children
Under Ten Years of Age.
RAISED PRICES
For One Week Only.

WE WISH TO IMPRESS YOU

With the advantage of a bank account in paying your bills by check — it provides a habit that is of great value to you—check also serves as a receipt for money paid.

We invite you to make this Bank your Banking home.

3 PER CENT on Savings Accounts and also Certificates of Deposit.

CITY NATIONAL BANK

Good Old Summer Time

Is here, and attendant with it, are numerous eye troubles.

If bright sunlight affects your eyes, or causes you to squint—it is a sure sign of some irregularity of the vision. A lense properly fitted to the eye reduces the pupil to its normal size and you

See All Right, Feel All Right.

Wendel JEWELER
110 Galena Ave.
Dixon Ill.

Phil N. Marks

The Farmers and Working Man's Friend Store.

The Store that Undersells And Saves You Money.

Extraordinary Bargains In Low Shoes,

1000 Pairs Sample Shoes in Men's Women's, Boys' and Misses'.....

It Will Pay You to Buy of Us.

100 Buster Brown Belts.....5c each
Shinola.....5c a box
Straw Hats—must go—best Hats.....25c
Others.....5c, 10c and 15c

Summer Theatre.

Moving Pictures Only.

ADMISSION 5 CENTS

CITY IN BRIEF

Joe Vaile went to Peoria this morning.

William Hintz went to Peoria this morning.

Theo. J. Fuller was a passenger east this morning.

Jacob Harnish and wife went to Chicago this morning.

Lawrence Cool is spending a few days with friends in Sterling.

Julius Elftman of Morrison spent Sunday with Harold Bennett.

George Hawley of Elgin was here over Sunday with his family.

Wayne Hendricks of Chicago visited over Sunday with friends.

Miss Nellie Carney returned Saturday evening from Rochelle.

Noah Loux and wife of Sterling attended the Assembly Sunday.

Mrs. D. E. Roberts went to Chicago Saturday to remain for sometime.

John Byington and wife have gone to Shawano, Wis., for a taree weeks vacation.

Mrs. L. B. Raymond of LaCrosse, Wis., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Raymond.

Miss Clara Gilbert of Nachusa spent Sunday at the home of Dr. J. H. Miller.

Fred North left this morning on a commercial trip, making his first stop at Malta.

Mrs. F. B. Virden went to Chicago Saturday evening to spend Sunday with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sterling have returned from a vist in Chicago with Mr. Schick.

C. M. McNeel and wife have returned to Mt. Morris after a visit here with friends.

Miss Mae Lally, Higland avenue, has returned from a visit with relatives and friends at Amboy.

President F. A. Watson of the Watson-Plummer Shoe Co., spent Sunday at his home in this city.

Miss Louise Murphy of the Home Telephone company has gone to Peoria to visit a week with relatives.

Charles A. Buyers and wife and William Sowles and family of Sterling attended the Assembly Sunday.

Elmer Eberly and family of Lancaster, Pa., who visited last week with relatives in Palmyra township, returned home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cridge, who have been residents of Dixon for the past few months, left Saturday for Chicago.

Miss Hazel Thompson returned Saturday evening from Peoria where she has been visting friends for two weeks.

Prof. Ray Broughton of Evansville, Wis., who has been attending the Assembly, returned to his home this morning.

Elizabeth K. Barge and brother Willie leave Tuesday for Hammond, Ind., for a visit with their father, John D. Barge.

Mrs. L. Allpeter and daughter returned to Chicago Sunday afternoon after visiting several weeks with Mrs. Tyron Rosbrook at Seldom Inn.

Miss Bernice Bartlett accompanied her grandmother, Mrs. Bartlett, to her home in Mendota this morning. She will visit there for two weeks.

Attorney J. V. Wirick of Rochelle was in Dixon Saturday afternoon transacting business and visiting his family, who were camping at the Assembly.

Misses Margaret Cahill and Margaret Clark and Messrs. Pete Morse and Bert Bertolli of Chicago spent Sunday at Grand Detour dining at the Colonial.

John Banks, chairman of the republican county central committee, attended the Assembly Sunday. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cook.

William Curran, Sr., and daughter Mrs. Edward Finnegan, and his grand daughter, Margaret Allen, leave Wednesday for Wisconsin to visit with Joseph Schauff and family

E. J. Rizner, representative of the Dixon college, left for Chicago Saturday evening to work for three weeks for the Chicago Business College, in which President Virden is interested

Herbert Harms, manager for the Wilbur Lumber company, left this afternoon for Milwaukee, to join all the company's managers for their annual outing. Mr. Harms will return Friday.

Frank Nelson, section foreman at LaFox, was here over Sunday with his family. Mr. Nelson says it is difficult to get board at LaFox and it will be necessary to move his family there in a few weeks.

Carl Berg, night baggageman at the Northwestern, returned Saturday evening from Milwaukee, and resumed his duties this morning, relieveing Paul Dixon, who filled the position during Mr. Berg's absence.

Everett Talcott of Chicago is in Dixon.

Miss Eva Arnould of Ashton is hre visiting friends.

August Henry of Steward visited here Sunday with friends

C. H. McKinney went to Mt. Carroll this morning on business.

Z. Scott of Pawpaw visited here Sunday and attended the Assembly

Charles Frisby, deputy factory inspector, is here for a few days to attend the reunion.

E. E. Downs of the C. & M. Electric railway of Chicago spent Sunday with his family in Dixon.

Howard McCleary went back to Chicago this morning after a short visit at his home in Dixon.

E. Z. Talcott of Chicago, a former Dixon boy, is here for a few days looking after his property interests.

Lester Wilhelm went to Chicago this morning for a weeks visit from his duties at the Dixon National Bank.

W. E. Long and Attorney W. N. Haskell of Sterling were here this morning transacting business in Judge Scott's court.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dunmore of Sterling are spending a week in Dixon with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Coe.

Dr. E. A. Levering and wife of Philadelphia are visiting at the A. S. Dimick home, Peoria avenue. The doctor and Mrs. Dimick are borther and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Dodge, Mrs. Kerr and Master Billie returned from their stay at the Assembly hotel on Saturday, where they spent the two weeks of the Chautauqua with much pleasure.

Wm R. Kerr came out from Chicago on Saturday to join his wife for a visit at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. O. B Dodge, John Dodge is expected the last of this week to take his vacation and thus complete the family circle.

THE PRIZE PRESENT.

It Was the Gem of the Wedding Gifts He Assured the Bride.

Bored, unspeakably bored, he found himself in the room where the gifts were displayed. But then he might as well be here as any place else, he argued, for everything connected with a wedding was a bore. His gaze wandered listlessly over the collection of silver, meat forks, cut glass berry bowls and onyx clocks till it fell on a faded little old Japanese print almost hidden behind a hideous chafing dish that looked as if it might have been handed down by the cliff dwellers.

In another moment he was before it, tingling with excitement, the spirit of the collector rampant.

"An Utamaro, sure as you're alive!" he exclaimed, looking about for some one with whom to share his joy. Anybody would do, so he tapped a stranger on the shoulder and announced with the air of reporting the discovery of a diamond mine, "It's an Utamaro, the real thing!"

"A what?" asked the man, adjusting his glasses.

"It is by Utamaro, the master of Japanese artists," he answered as he fled in search of his wife. She would understand. "To think of wasting it on those donkeys who won't know it from a signboard!" he grumbled.

He found her shaking hands with the bride, so he rushed up and rung the girl's hand enthusiastically. "I have just been admiring that peachy Utamaro!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"A peachy Utamaro! What's that?" asked the bride, mystified.

"That rare old Japanese print up there. It's the gem of your whole layout."

"Oh!" exclaimed the bride faintly, looking a little queer, so he thought, as she turned to greet another guest.

As his wife dragged him away he demanded to know what the dickens was the matter with that Utamaro.

"It was our present to them," she moaned. "I didn't dare tell you. You would have wanted it for your collection."—Los Angeles Times.

Kipling's Corncob.

"Did Kipling ever steal one of my corncob pipes?" said the late Mark Twain once.

"Never, and if he says so he's wrong. He tried to steal one and failed; then he tried to steal another, but I prevented the theft and gave it to him, probably the only pipe that Kipling ever got honestly."

Thrift.

An economical housewife drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered large drafts of the white of eggs to be administered. "Mary, Mary," murmured the almost unconscious patient, "save the yolks for puddings!"—Success Magazine.

The Champion.

"By the way," continued the near sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?"

"It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the iceman is entitled to it."—Chicago News.

The BARGAIN COUNTER
Merchants to Their Patrons

BAKER'S

Cleans and Presses Muslin Dresses Beautifully. Prices Reasonable. 119 E. First St. Home Phone 799.

D. M. FAHRNEY,
Auctioneer.

Speak early for special dates. Brown Block, Rooms 1, 2, 3. Lee County Phone — Residence, 152. Office, 90.

Dixon, Illinois.

Parties wishing to go to Dakota or Minnesota to inspect the farms I offer for sale, write me when you wish to go as I expect to make trips each week after threshing is over in Illinois.

More than a dozen have promised to go and the first gets first choice. Buy direct of parties wanting to sell; get a bargain and save big commissions. E. A. Wadsworth, Dixon, Ill. 85tf

Cavalier County, N. D., never had a crop failure. Must sell some of my 30 quarters to meet payments in Idaho. I lived eight years on the Canadian line. Ask for booklet of facts, and why and where to buy land. E. A. Wadsworth, Cr. Telegraph. 74tf

5 acres, a home and independence. Ten acres will make you rich. Get an apple orchard on your own terms. Get particulars of E. A Wadsworth, Dixon Postoffice. Mention Telegraph when you write. 52tf

NOTICE

By our co-operative plan it requires but little cash to secure a home and independence, in an apple orchard in Idaho. Call for booklet at Telegraph office. E. A. Wadsworth. 65tf

NOTICE

I will be in Polo each Tuesday and Friday from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Dr. R. L. Trowbridge, Osteopath and Optometrist, Countryman Building Successor to Dr. E. M. Browne. 78 12

OAKDALE PARK CAMP MEETING
Aug. 18 to 30, 1910.

For the above occasion Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets Dixon and North Dixon to Oakdale and return from August 16 to 30 inclusive. Tickets good for 30 days from date of sale.

Fare for the round trip from Dixon $1.20; from North Dixon, $1.16.

Trains Nos. 123, 124, 131, 132, 133 and 134 will stop at Oakdale during the meeting.

L. BACKUS, Agent,
I. C. R. R. Co.

Recent apple crops from western orchards have sold for from $500 to $2500 an acre. Anyone can get a few acres by cooperating with us. Get booklet at Telegraph office. E. A. Wadsworth. 46tf

Owing to the drouth, it is difficult to keep condensed mild on hand that is put up elsewhere. Why not use Dixon products Eagle, Full Weight, Imperial, or Peerless. Always on hand at the Dixon Grocery Company. 190t2

NOTICE

It is absolutely necessary, in accordance with the new postal law, that you pay your subscription in advance. Please look at the little yellow tag on your paper and act accordingly. tf

Doubtful Compliment.

At the dinner of a literary club in Chicago two minor poets were heard in conversation. "Harold," said the one, "I've just seen your triolet in The Spread Eagle Magazine. "Ah!" exclaimed the other, a pleased expression coming into his face, and with the air of a man preparing himself against a burst of praise. "Yes," continued the second poet; "and, do you know, I heard a rather neat little compliment passed on it by a young lady of my acquaintance." Harold seemed still more pleased. "May I ask what she said?" he queried. Whereupon the first minor poet gurgled: "Why," said he, "she wanted to know whether I had written it."—Lippincott's.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

For Rent. Furnished room for rent. Modern conveniences. Cor. 3rd. St. and Crawford Ave. 190tf

STEALING THE STYLES

London Millinery Pirates and Their Methods.

TRICKS OF SMART WOMEN.

Use Their Position to Get a Look at the Advance Models and Then Sell Their Information In Berlin—One Case Where There Was a Slip.

The object of the modern millinery pirate is by some means to get hold of the new fashions well in advance of the coming season, and, however jealously guarded the new models are, she—most pirates are women—very often succeeds, and the real owner has the mortification of seeing his novelty anticipated by some firm of infinitely less importance than his own.

Last spring the proprietor of one of the smartest shops in the west end of London noticed a lady walking in the park attired in a dress almost an exact copy of a brand new model of his own, a model which not half a dozen people had seen besides its inventor and himself. The design had been registered, but the copy was just sufficiently altered to steer clear of legal difficulties.

A most searching inquiry revealed the fact that the culprit was a lady who had always been considered one of the firm's smartest and best customers.

Her birth and position were less impeachable than the state of her finances, and she had accepted the offer of a Berlin firm to dress her on condition that she supplied it with the very latest creations that found their way from Paris to London.

Having the entree of the innermost sanctum of the London firm referred to, she had taken advantage of its confidence in her to draw its designs from memory and post them to Berlin.

The London firm had no legal remedy whatever. All it could do was when the autumn styles were due and the lady called again to inform her that her patronage was no longer desired.

Another lady detected in a similar trick by the manager of a Regent street firm was very cleverly punished. Upon her next visit she was received with the same cordiality as ever and taken into the showroom, where the latest models were usually displayed.

She never suspected until too late that the room had been specially arranged for her reception. The models exhibited were anything but new, and the too smart firm which employed her was put to vast expense to work up dresses from patterns resurrected from those of years before which proved absolutely unsalable.

It is by no means exclusively for the purpose of stealing other people's original designs that "pushing" firms enlist the services of well dressed recruits.

Last summer a lady arrived at a smart seaside hotel, the sort of place where people stay for the whole season. She was pretty, smart and perfectly turned out—so well dressed, in fact, that other women, filled with envy, did their best to find out who was her dressmaker.

But, though she frequently boasted that the people were perfect treasures and that her bills amounted to next to nothing, she steadfastly refused to disclose the name.

One day, however, she accidentally dropped an envelope inclosing a bill from the mysterious dressmaker, a bill artfully "faked" so as to show prices of startling cheapness. Within a week the firm that employed this clever lady welcomed a dozen new customers.

Hotels, too, find the lady tout most useful. Last autumn a very pretty girl arrived at a certain Scotch health resort establishment with her mother. She was smart, well dressed, a clever musician—just the sort of girl to be thoroughly popular with both sexes. At once she became the center of a large coterie of admirers.

Then after a few days her vivacious expression gave place to a look of unutterable boredom. "I can't stand this place. It's so deadly dull," she said over and over again. Finally one evening she announced that she could not endure it an hour longer. She was going.

"Where?" was the question.

"Back to Blitherington," was the decided answer. "It may be a little dearer, but you get your money's worth there. One has such a good time there!"

Next day she left, and before the week was out a large proportion of her friends had followed her.—London Grand Magazine.

Bill Lange's Long Hit.

In an article on "Batting" in the American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton describes as follows the longest hit ever recorded:

"Lange, who was of the middle ages of the game, made a hit in Cincinnati which is regarded by many as the longest hit ever made. The ball cleared the center field fence, which was on top of a high embankment, sailed across Western avenue, went through the window of a saloon and was found behind the bar. The hit made a fortune for the saloon, as big crowds went to see the ball on exhibition."

Domestic Economy.

"My wife threatened if I didn't get her a new hat she'd go home to her mother."

"Why didn't you let her?"

"Her railroad fare would cost more than the hat."—Boston Transcript.

MARKETS

AUGUST 15 1910

Chickens.....17
Lard.....14
Eggs.....16
Butter.....29
Corn.....57
Oats.....29 & 32

BOARD OF TRADE QUOTATIONS FURNISHED BY C. P. HERRICK, SHAW BLDG.
C. D. Anderson, Local Manager.

Range of Prices on Chicago Board of Trade:

Chicago, August 15, 1910

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat—				
Sept	102⅞	102⅞	101¾	102
Dec.	106	106¼	105⅛	105⅜
May	111	111	110⅛	110¼
Corn—				
Sept	64⅜	64¾	63⅝	63⅝
Dec.	61⅛	61⅞	60⅞	60⅞
May	63¼	64⅛	63⅛	63⅛
Oats—				
Sept	36⅝	36¾	36¼	36½
Dec.	38¾	38½	38¼	38⅜
May	41¼	41½	41⅛	41⅛
Pork—				
Sept	2170	2177	2150	2157
Jan	1860	1865	1850	1852
Lard—				
Sept	1192	1192	1180	1185
Jan	1067	1067	1060	1065
Ribs—				
Sept	1195	1195	1182	1190
Jan	972	972	962	967

Stock yards report:
Hogs open steady to 5c lower.
Left over 2,088.
Light 850-900.
Mixed 795-890
Heavy 770-850.
Rough 770-790.
Cattle good steady others 5 to 10 lower.
Sheep steady.
Rects. today:
Hogs 30,000 cattle 29,000
Sheep 30,000
Hogs close 10 lower.
Est. tomorrow 14,000

Herbert Harms went to Chicago this morning and will go from there to Milwaukee to attend the Lumbermen's convention.

PALMYRA Cash Coal Co.

Call us for

HARD OR SOFT COAL
PHONE 164.

DR. L. R. TROWBRIDGE

A graduate of the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., will succeed me in the practice of Osteopathy in this city, August 1st, 1910, and will retain the office rooms now occupied by me in the Countryman building. I conscientiously recommend Dr. Trowbridge to the friends of Osteopathy and my former patients.

E. M. BROWNE.

H. COFFEY
Parcel Delivery.

Headquarters at Jones & Slain's Undertaking Parlors.

Look for the YELLOW WAGON.

LAUNCH JUANITA

For private parties. Trips arranged to suit patrons. Phone 686, or address H. M. COE, Dixon.

THE LAUNCH "DIXON"

Regular Sunday Trips to Grand Detour 10 00 a. m., 2:30 and 7.00 p. m. Open for engagements for private parties and picnics at any time throught the week, Row Boots for Rent. Dock foot of Dixon Ave. R. H. ESPY. Phone residence 541. phone 5412 dock.

FOR RENT.

ONE OR TWO

FINE OFFICE ROOMS

In the

Shaw Building,

Over Evening Telegraph Office.

Inquire at this Office.